

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 8, 1957

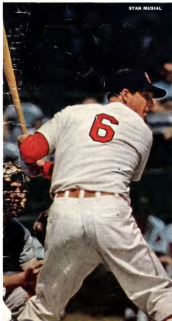
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BATTLE OF THE TITANS ALL-STAR GAME

STAN MUSIAL



TED WILLIAMS



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HIT THE TRAIL in a PLYMOUTH Sport Suburban—see why people are switching to Chrysler Corporation cars. Here's glamour and handling you can match in the low-price field, with more room than in rival wagons!



GO TO THE BEACH—you'll see proof of America's enthusiasm for The New Shape of Motion. In this sleek custom ROYALALLANCE convertible are the low, full-lined lines that telegraph the dash and drama of high performance.



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HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 1967
ALL-STAR GAME

Additional photos on page 8

COVER: STAN MUSIAL AND TED WILLIAMS

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

The greatest American League All-Star, Ted Williams, and the greatest National League, Stan Musial, face off in pictures on the cover and in reality next Tuesday in the All-Star Game. For a report on baseball and a preview of the game, turn to page 10.

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BASEBALL'S ANNUAL ALL-STAR GAME*The spirit of the game in words, by ROBERT CREAMER**The spirit of the game in pictures, by HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON**A detailed SCOUTING REPORT on both All-Star teams**The history of Busch Stadium, in a drawing by JOE KAUFMAN**A guide to St. Louis by the Fearless Spectator, HORACE BUTTON***THE CAMPBELL IS COMING***The world's fastest test driver prepares for a new record. By MONT LUND***A JOY OF DONKEYS***An old-fashioned fun, JOHN O'BRIEN, contemplates his favorite animal***PART 4: THE ART OF RACE RIDING***EDDIE ARCADE discusses the use—and misuse—of the whip***NEW HOPE FOR HOPEFULS***A gallery of young tennis stars in COLOR, WILLIAM F. TALKERS tells about them***A BOYCOTT THAT BACKFIRED***Speed and supremacy fell to America at Mexico. By WILLIAM RANFOLSON***THE TRAGIC FOURTH***It was Jackie Pang's downfall. By HERBERT WARREN WING***THE CHAMPS OF 1960***They were playing in the NCAA golf tournament. By JAMES MURRAY***THE DEPARTMENTS****SCOREBOARD****BASEBALL X-RAY****FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR****COMING EVENTS****EVENTS & DISCOVERIES****TIP FROM THE TOP****HOTBOX****THE 15TH HOLE****PAT ON THE BACK**

45

**NEXT
WEEK****A
SUMMER GAME:
WHICH ONE IS
YOUR FRIEND?****PLUS: THE UNDERSEA ADVENTURES OF ED LINK****Which
golf ball
is toughest?****New United States
Testing Co. study gives the
facts on durability!**

One of America's foremost research organizations, United States Testing Co., just completed a series of impartial tests on the four leading high-compression golf balls.

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Did you know that there are big differences in the finish and cover durability of high-compression golf balls—that some remain playable longer than others?

In scuffing tests, the Spalding DOT's finish showed greater resistance to abrasion than any of the other brands. In repeated-impact tests (of cover toughness), the DOT consistently outperformed all other test specimens.

DURABILITY RANKING

(based upon scuffing, chipping and repeated-impact tests)

1st	DOT
2nd	Brand A
3rd	Brand B
4th	Brand C

Additional tests in the United States Testing Co. Report* also ranked the DOT first in terms of both *resilience* and *distance* characteristics.

Complete test reports will be in the hands of your golf professional. Ask to see them.

Play the new Spalding DOT. There are other balls in its price field—but none in its class!

**SPALDING**
sells the pace in sports

*U. S. Testing Co., Report No. 2748, 6-2-67



MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

THE UNUSUAL photographic essay on baseball in this issue is the work of one of the world's great photographers. Born in France 49 years ago, he is Henri Cartier-Bresson, who had never seen a baseball game until he went to Milwaukee on his SPORTS ILLUSTRATED assignment.

"Photography," he has said, "is like keeping a journal. It's the little incidents that tell the story, and you have to watch for them.

Reality is what we want and we know when we have it. It's like garlic—you can smell it."

To get close enough to smell it, Cartier-Bresson follows a studiously casual procedure. Correspondent Rod Van Every, who accompanied him on the story, wrote us: "He is unobtrusive, quiet, and carries a minimum of equipment—two Leicas, an exposure meter and a couple of extra lenses. Hatless, dressed in an old leather jacket and tieless dress shirt open at the throat, he appears to his subjects, if they notice him at all, as a slightly incompetent, wandering amateur. He carries his ready camera in the crook of his right arm and shields it from prying eyes as if he were protecting a baby. Henri positively will not pose a picture, nor will he shoot it if the subject is conscious of a camera. When spotted, he turns away, looking innocent and maybe just a little guilty. In a moment the subject forgets Henri and Henri is suddenly stalking him again. This delicate game may happen many times. Eventually Henri becomes a part of the scene—and his shutter begins clicking. It was not unusual to find him smack in the middle of a kid's pickup game and the kids unaware of his presence.

"He never did understand why a crowd screamed at some plays and not at others but quickly grasped the basic concept of baseball. Watching the Braves play the Cubs, he continued to compare the spectacle with Spanish bullfighting but noted a difference: 'Less blood; more beer.'"

Cartier-Bresson's work in the past has brought to Americans moments of rare insight into the lives and problems of fellow men in many foreign lands—the people of Moscow, of China, India, and Spain in the Civil War. Now he lets us see our own national game, as if with new eyes and with a full heart.

Henry Phillips

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Publisher: H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director: William W. Helman

Subscription Rates: In the U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. \$7.50. Airmail-delivered editions to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. \$10.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.00. Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to editorial and advertising concerns to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. and all advertising correspondence to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 535 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, Ill. Changes of address require three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address imprint from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. Third Dec. also publishes: TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, FORTY AND FORTY, HOME, CHAIRMAN, MARION T. Moore, President, Ray E. Larson, Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Baker, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Sullivan, Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Frankenburg, Vice President, Edgar E. Baker, Bernard Barnes, Clay Backlund, Arnold W. Carlson, Allen Goren, Andrew Rosenthal, C. D. Jackson, J. Edmund Kiss, James A. Linn, Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. T. Fennell, Weston C. Pallen Jr., Controller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey.

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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES
IN THE CROWD ...



Phogon (1840) Hecory,
 (darky-also Wignarlan)
 four-tier weight, who
 learned punching with
 an 18-year-old on docks
 of Lagos, reached his
 division's pinnacle after
 annihilating Fraser's
 Cheryl Hamlin with
 a stringing jab, knocking
 him unconscious in 1984
 round of 13-round title
 fight before 17,000
 screaming Nigerians.



Philomena Harvey, 48-year-old born from Dublin, many-time holder of British Cup on Cup team, won British ladies' golfers after falling in final rounds in 1953, 1964, beating Mrs. George Valdman, 4 and 3, in 18-hole final at Glenageary, Ireland, became the fourth Irish winner in 41 years.

[illegible]

Tugboat. *Miss Hochberg's* straggled-out port, circling around Yonkers (N.Y.) Harbormaster's double oval in front of Johnny Simpson's expert handling, outstayed John's Express by one length to win 100-15! William H. Carr broke in 2:05 1/10 for mile and sixteenth, set new world mark for 4-year-old gelding on half-mile track. (Horse 227; last page 28.)

Age Group	Percentage (%)
0-17	~18%
18-24	~22%
25-34	~25%
35-44	~20%
45-54	~15%
55-64	~10%
65+	~8%

New York Yankees, going up against an assembling, second-place Chicago White Sox, ran off four straight wins against Kansas City "routinized" after dropping two of three to Cleveland, to lead American League by one game. St. Louis Cardinals finished one game from fourth place with four straight shutouts from visiting pitching staff, and started work by seven, erasing Jim Bunning, seven of seven during week to pull within three games of first division.

Minnesota Brown was the straight over Rosalyn, Pittsburgh, took first place from St. Louis but were pursued hotly in American race by Chevrolet, which shared track with four straight victories over Philadelphia. Sixth place New York Gladiators continued winning ways, pushed to within three games of fourth-place Houston.

[illegible]

Jim Ryan, tough, steady speed lover from Phoenix, Ariz., dominated the white horses through Mexico. Only Ryan's tremendous hand-drawn set of average speed of 140 mph for 100 miles, led three-year T.A. sweep of Phoenix's first Indianapolis-style race last year.

Victor Davis, 36-year-old University of Texas Phi Kappa Sigma member, U.S.C., shot four shots, wounds, made his 500 stand up to capture his third U.S. Winner's three titles at Winged Foot GC, Massachusetts, N.Y., was hospitalized \$1,500. Approved winner, second, level Jackie Peng, was disqualified for cutting in to become one on fourth hole of final round (see page 54). Mrs. Peng, fourth-round by triple eagle, received some measure of help in \$2,500 raised on spot for women's hole-in-one.

Boys' Food, courtesy. 14-year-old baseball pro Minor winner Dean Vanders, N.Y., failed out 5-foot pressure past for biceps on 11th, went on to bring down Billy Maxwell, Gene Lister on first base, George Boyer on third base of sudden-death playoff after quarter had tied at 1-0, produced \$1,000 Western Open title at Phoenix.

Has Hunter Jr., lefty and number Walker Cup player from U. of Houston, traded 1 down after 44 holes of 18-hole final, came back to hunt his-shooting Ward Whitman of Hamilton College, 4 and 3, capture National Collegiate individual crown after Houston had won team title, at Colorado Springs (see page B-7).

At Watson, 46-year-old U.S. Senior champion, gave superb display of chopping, putting, tested Britain's John Burton, 32 and it is likely he may, very unofficial world senior title in Glasgow.

1000

Hawes. Cleveland-built boat, sailed by her designer Ray Hunt, made turn at Chesapeake Lightship, limited options, twisted downward in Newport, R.I., captured that place in *Sea*, as well as Ches-C's history, in *Amesbury to Newport* race in record time of 22:48:40. George R. Milnes in *Home* (only track named while Charleston Mitchell's owner, founder Philadelphia (see page 37) had in article for third place in year-old race).

[illegible]

Johnny Burns, highly regarded 20-year-old New Yorker, was pinned in the main big light weight main event. Larry Boardman, with first, third-round knockdowns, went on to win 20 round stalling match by unanimous decision. Burns was gathering of all boxing bugs, network TV cameras in Boston. Following tradition, Burns walked immediately for this shot of Lickenswift of the nation Joe Brown.

International Boxing Club (James E. Martin, pres.) faced with court-ordered dissolution for monopolistic practices, plans frantically to reduce existing title (see page 18), announced that underdogged, hard-headed Sugar Ray Robinson would defend middleweight crown against Welterweight Champ Carmen Basilio at New York Ball room in September. News week also

Abstract

Primrose Tuna, Calaveras. Fern's 4-year-old daughter of Holbrook, got well-paired with him. Willie Hancock, second wife sold a quarter in show 2000, judged Second Pacific Up, IT at her fifth and mare by half bred to G.H. Smith, Calaveras. Hand legs at Stanton, surrounded herself on mother's headline Mrs.

From Linage, Calumet's Kentucky Derby winner, in going for \$100,000 Arlington Chase, July 18, came racing up from far back under jockey Dave Erb's heavy urging, captured \$11,000 Laurence Archer Memorial at Chicago's Arlington Park in West start above elimination for colts six years and May.

Mrs. Glenn Markie's Calumet Farm, with state-of-the-art facilities in Delaware, Arlington Park, pushed season's best winners to both \$200,000, two good chances to top own all-time mark of \$1,000,000 set in 1992.

Abstract

DISSENTING ACADEMIC—Daniel J. Fouts, 69, since 1937 secretary-treasurer, chief administrator of National A.A.U., nation's largest sports organization, whose goal in reforming amateurism in sports has put him in unpopulated distance with American sports public in many countries, notably in case of Miles Weinstock who fought amateur disqualification by A.A.U. in court, to be submitted next November, in New York.

note—*Ernst Hilde Shigerson*, M.D., long-time volunteer for turkmen's health, *The Morning Telegraph*, leading authority on turkmen. Thoroughly trained scientist, devoted, poet, author (*Poor For All*), educated at Queens School, University of Louisville, Baltimore, lived in France from 1922 to 1928 where he was European correspondent for *American Photo Graphic*, then lived in Nevada, spent *Herpetology*, of interest students, in New York.

[illegible]

FOCUS ON THE DEED



OVERLAND journey is started by group of Oxford University distance runners as they leave Lands End on Britain's south-westernmost tip, bound for John o'Groats. Home is northern Scotland on first 18-mile leg of 272-mile, six-day marathon relay.



SEA WATER in pressurized bathhouse in Canadian Coast Aids to inaugurate opening of summerilly season and means for decontaminated, swimming across Lake Ontario

There's a groove in every curve... for Corvettes!



Well, that's what it *feels* like! And that feeling—the solid road-gripping security, the superb sense of control and command—is something that only the genuine sports car can give you.

What's the feeling worth? Very little, if you're not much interested in driving for its own sake. But if you are, nothing man has ever built can produce the same dazzling surge of delight!

Seriously, here's a test you should try if you want to know just how much pure pleasure you can pack into motoring: Borrow a Corvette, pick a stretch of wickedly curving road that you really respect—and cruise into it. Surprised? What happened to the bends that used to set the tail wagging, the car drifting out toward the

center line, the body tilting? Sure, they're the same curves—but this is the way a car ought to go round them. Flat, locked in its own lane, riding the radius as though in an invisible groove!

What kind of a Corvette should you choose for this test? Any one, from the expert's version with fuel injection V8* and four-speed gearbox* to the butter-smooth Powerglide* town car. There are all sorts of engine, transmission and luxury equipment options. But we make only one kind of chassis—the honest-to-Pete sports car kind, with road-holding no other car in America can match! Try it—and see what it feels like to find a groove in every curve! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich. *Optional at extra cost.

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by Chevrolet



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No-sag T-shirts: \$1 for men, 35¢ for boys

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 White-as-white undershirts . . . 79¢ . . . 59¢

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HANES

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SCOREBOARD continued



Charlie Pratt, former Manhattan College hurdler now in U.S. Army, opened and closed first day of national decathlon championships with fast victories in 100-meter dash, 400-meter run, added 120-meter high hurdle win on second day, completed 1,148 points to win title, at Kingsburg, Calif.

FOR THE RECORD

BOXING

GALE KIRWAN, 5-round TKO over Tony Dikens, welterweight, New York.
MANUEL ALVAREZ, 10-round decision over Sergio Pineda, featherweight, Buenos Aires.
EVILAN SIMON, 5-round KO over Peter Muller, middleweight, Berlin.
JIMMY MARTINEZ, 10-round decision over Mike Ruiz, middleweight, Jamaica, Barbados.
MAURITZ AGAFA, 5-round TKO over Roland Ro, heavyweight, Geneva.
BOBBY BLYDE, 12-round decision over Nobby Collins, middleweight, Cleveland.
DONALD LOY, 10-round decision over Pat van Boven, lightweights, Michigan.
CRICCO PEAR, 10-round decision over Bobby Dalton, welterweight, Manchester, Conn.

GOLF

GERY HILLIERING, Ritzshire, Del., Ontario Open, with 59 to 54 holes, St. Catharines, Ont.
WILLIE FRANKIE and **DAVID LLOYD**, British Victory Tournament, with best-ball 55 to 58 holes, White Plains, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

WAG FINDER, \$23,200 Resden St., N.Y., by neck, in 1:14 2/5, Belmont Pk., New Yorkville, N.Y.
ARMED LO-SAR, \$18,000 Kentucky A, 1:13 1/5 in, by 2 1/4 lengths in 1:48 4/5, Mulholland Pk., Del. State cap.
PELT AD, \$25,100 Gilman Stakes, Del., by 5 1/4 lengths in 1:36 1/5, Rembrandt Pk., Del. State cap.

SPORT

AUSTRALIA over Britain-Ireland-New Zealand all-stars, 20-11, World Cup Rugby League series, Sydney.

SKATING

Stefano Baptis, Hordoy, Norway.
Flora, skipped by Albert Foll, 5.5-meter championship.
LILANDRA, skipped by Magnus Klose, One Star Cup.

TEENIE

National College girls' tournament, St. Louis.
NAL STACK, Western Michigan, 6-3, 6-2 over Lorne Robinson, Rutgers College, singles title.
MISS STACK LOOSE, 6-2, 2-1, 2-1, 2-1 over Miss McKinney, New York, 2, of Florida, doubles title.



DOGS TROT-ING Florida hurdler Troutman of Florida's barriers through one of eight hurdles he played in 121 1/2 hours, averaging 74 strokes per 100 yards.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

BASEBALL X-RAY

The World Champion New York Yankees were not the best team in the American League last week. The sixth-place Baltimore Orioles were. Twenty-guincifiers Billy Pierce, Bob Lemon, Frank Lary and Billy Hoelt were not the best pitchers. Four undistinguished Orioles named Brown, Loe, Johnson and Moore were. While Pierce & Co. gave up a staggering total of 32 runs, the Baltimore quartet—in four consecutive games—allowed only one run. This tied a 34-year-old American League record set by the Indians in 1933 that had been equaled only twice before (in 1932 by the Yankees and in 1949 by the Indians). Hector Brown started the streak with a two-hit shutout. Then came Billy Loe, followed by Connie Johnson and finally Ray Moore to complete the series. Each pitched a three-hit shutout.



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[illegible][illegible]

TEAM PERFORMANCE

This month (AUG to S 2003)		Year to date
RETAILERS' LEASING		
Baltimore	0.0	1557
Boston	0.0	1791
Chicago	0.0	1791
Cincinnati	0.0	1791
Cleveland	0.0	1791
Denver	0.0	1791
Detroit	0.0	1791
Houston	0.0	1791
Los Angeles	0.0	1791
Minneapolis	0.0	1791
New York	0.0	1791
Philadelphia	0.0	1791
Pittsburgh	0.0	1791
Portland	0.0	1791
San Francisco	0.0	1791
Seattle	0.0	1791
St. Louis	0.0	1791
Washington	0.0	1791
Wichita	0.0	1791
RETAILERS' LEASING		
Baltimore	0.0	1557
Boston	0.0	1791
Chicago	0.0	1791
Cincinnati	0.0	1791
Cleveland	0.0	1791
Denver	0.0	1791
Detroit	0.0	1791
Houston	0.0	1791
Los Angeles	0.0	1791
Minneapolis	0.0	1791
New York	0.0	1791
Philadelphia	0.0	1791
Pittsburgh	0.0	1791
Portland	0.0	1791
San Francisco	0.0	1791
Seattle	0.0	1791
St. Louis	0.0	1791
Washington	0.0	1791
Wichita	0.0	1791

TEAM LEADER[illegible]

HERDS AND GOATS

[illegible][illegible]

Figure 1

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Home Runs Batted In	Total Runs Produced
Marble, NY (1885).....	62	37	94
Green, Wash (1925).....	44	30	57
Ironwood, Wis (1901).....	43	37	80
Marble, CO (1885).....	37	31	70
Green, NY (1875).....	33	20	57

Figure 1

Age, 10 yr (1970)	55	60	65
Age, 10 yr (1980)	54	53	52
Age, 10 yr (1990)	40	40	40
Age, 10 yr (2000)	54	55	56
Age, 10 yr (2010)	57	56	55

Figure 1

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Batting	Richards, NY .160	Buchan, Fla .188
Home runs	Mary, Cal 8	Buchan, Fla 9
RBI's	Mary, Cal 30	Buchan, Fla 40
Outsides	Buchan, Fla 3-0	Buchan, Fla 3-0



Rate	Period
10%	10 years
12%	10 years
14%	10 years
16%	10 years
18%	10 years
20%	10 years
22%	10 years
24%	10 years
26%	10 years
28%	10 years
30%	10 years
32%	10 years
34%	10 years
36%	10 years
38%	10 years
40%	10 years
42%	10 years
44%	10 years
46%	10 years
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68%	10 years
70%	10 years
72%	10 years
74%	10 years
76%	10 years
78%	10 years
80%	10 years
82%	10 years
84%	10 years
86%	10 years
88%	10 years
90%	10 years
92%	10 years
94%	10 years
96%	10 years
98%	10 years
100%	10 years

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A dark glass bottle of Beck's Black Label beer. The neck label is white with 'BECK'S' in black. The main label is black with 'Black Label' in white script and 'BECK'S' in white block letters above it. The bottle is partially filled with a dark liquid.

CARLING BLACK LABEL BEER

CASES: 98 (WING CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Belleville, Illinois, Frankenmuth, Mich., Watlick, Mass.)

240—антенна-справа
для антенны 240

— 2000 年 10 月 1 日起实施。

shor water; D—under dirty or rusty; M—under muddy; N—under of normal height; 200—slightly high; H—high; V10—very high; L—low; R—rising; F—falling; WT56—water temperature 25°; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; GVG—outlook very good; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OP—outlook poor.

THREAT: common; FG/UG as majority of trout water reported C but slightly H. Del Norte, South Fork, Creede, South Fork, North Fork, Guadalupe, Antelope, Grand Mesa, Bayfield and Pagosa Springs areas all warrant attention and Willow fly hatches are reported from the Guadalupe area. FF/FF in the Fort Collins, Estes Park, Glenwood Springs and Leadville-Leadsville areas where streams are still H and E.

SPERMATOPHYTES: **PPH**, growing on which streams are flooded by backwash of barrierae. **Andrey**, **Tianeta** Creek reported producing on No. 18 drive and **synopsis**. **PH** also in **Field** Eagle Spring and **Figura** streams in central state **Stratocoma** area with wet fire (woodland), although **monopier** **sporia** a five 17-year forest absolutely irreplaceable. Youth had its day when **James** **Awad**, aged 12, of **Constant** took a 74-pound brown trout from **Constant** Creek.

NEW HARBINGER: PG in country north of White Mountains where three days of snow and light rain have lowered WT and raised stream levels. Connecticut Lakes are enjoying excellent evening rises on ponds, and dry fly addicts are happy. A Dark Wulff has been most frequent on lakes near Pillsbury.

Yellowfish: Brook trout catches considered excellent on the New Haven River from Belton to Middlebury and on the East Middlebury River from Ripon to East Middlebury. Large brown trout responding at the lower end of the East Middlebury, and some rainbows are being taken from the New Haven. FVG for lakes in the Averett lakes and Seymour Lake in the northwest and Lake St. Catherine in the southwest section of the state; OGL.

NEW YORK: Recent rain and cool weather indicates **MG** for Catalina waters. **WT** is 60s on the Bearkill and Wilkesmead, which are both **C** but slightly **L**. Local current Harry Duchoe advises using size 16 or 18 wets or dry flies and that the outflow is a matter of choice.

MINNESOTA: **OH** in runoff subsides with greater stream in fly angling condition. Best of these are Rock Creek near Minneapolis and Spring Creek near Lewistown. Big water with **H** for wading but **FG** in Madison where the salmon fly hatch is under way. Vito Hale also proffering nice creeks with trout taking Nov. 12 and 14 Atlantic. **END**

WASHINGTON: FTYG on Yakima River for rainbow trout particularly in stretch from Kanto to Che Klam. Naches River below Humping Dam also good and FTYG for sea run cutthroat from Gray's Harbor up the Wynosee River, with minnows and worms taking most fish. High lakes are now thawed, runoff is subsiding and state-wide (4).

DATA: OG although cold steel have not returned by hatchery in high country. PG have not returned by hatchery for rainbow trout. FGDs Fished with the rainbow hatchery on 22 May (1995) and the Dolly Varden hatchery on 23 May (1995). The Dolly Varden hatchery OG. Small fry again in the headwater in 1-year-old forest. Males of MFCM, 14cm presented over an exposed 10-metre break-out. Aggravated reports of other worthwhile waters are Beaver ponds on Trail Creek using small hatcheries and Anselmo Creek drainage on Dry River; and OG on state-wide stream approach N and C H202.

MICHIGAN: All streams on lower peninsula W and R but clearing rapidly. FG on the Manitowish, Au Sable, Au Gou, Boardman and Betsy with caddis hatch in full swing and excellent brooms being netted. **FP-99** for rainbow on the Sturgeon below Wolverine until July 23 when annual summer run is due to start. Above Wolverine FG now for rainbows on brooms and

a. Please see [sample with headings](#).

DOI: 10.1002/for

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collage patterns. PVC for backgrounds, the Blue's River and PP 991 on the Mopac, Hagerty, Boyer and Carter Jordan.

TRAP REPORT A 12-year-old 14th grade male hunter came in with a trophy, a 31-pounder taken by him. He was reported, including a 31-pounder taken by him. F. H. Hunter Jr., of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, is 27 minutes on a 1-cusec fly rod and 12-pound

[illegible]

RESEARCH DESIGN Participants: Elderly participants in two upcoming media interviews at Haring, a newspaper, and work by a 10-year-old visually impaired child by Mrs. Jane Williams of Chicago, Illinois, 1991.

[illegible]

diminished PVT as they age, suggesting that expanding inhibition of the PVT in later water trials contributed to age differences and a more mature level of information processing. Further, finding limits of individualization for parameters of age differences and a more mature level of information processing.

[illegible][illegible]

4. *Stomoxys calcitrans* (L.) (Diptera: Stomoxysidae) was a common pest of the animals. It was treated with 0.05% DDT spraying from 25 pounds up and 1974 through 1981. Hidinghouse Canal also operates three mosquito-control channels, namely, Long Lake, an 1800' long channel, the Newcomb Drain, seven miles long, and another three miles long, the Spring Lake Drain. Several fish to 7 pounds, including 10 sea worms in North and South rivers and in the White River at Hidinghouse.

[illegible]

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References

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A DE KNOWLEDGEABLE



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STARS IN THEIR EYES

Baseball's annual All-Star Game in St. Louis next Tuesday

afternoon will be played for hero-worshipping boys of all ages by ROBERT CREAMER

IT IS EASY to forget, now that psychiatric research has taken over a substantial portion of baseball reporting, that the essence of the professional game in the United States of America is a small boy looking with absolute rapture at a grown man.

This is the basic appeal of the annual All-Star Game. The small boy does not know that the best third baseman in baseball is human: that he fights with his wife, worries about bills and occasionally swears at the bat boy. All the small boy knows is that the third baseman is a hero, and a hero always does the right thing. It would be sinful to disillusion him, to tell him that Babe Ruth was a glutton, that Ernie Slaughter has had five wives.

President Hoover's epitaphic statement on baseball (which the Cincinnati Redlegs' management thought highly enough of to reproduce on Coney Field's right-field wall) seems naive, if you read it while pondering a baseball player's domestic difficulties and the personal reasons causing them. But if you read it again, and think of yourself as a boy playing the game and watching it, and realize that the abiding affection you have for baseball comes despite the fruitless of those who play it professionally and because of real values you yourself have gained from it, you come to understand that Hoover's statement is not at all naive, and very possibly profound. Perfection is an ideal always to be sought; because it cannot actually be attained does not mean it should be cast aside. The Cobb-Duane influence ("Stick it in his ear, Charlie; cut him in half!") is strong in baseball, but the George Siler-Gil Hodge (or Old-Fashioned Sportsman) school carries on. And the boy openly and the man inwardly admire the sportsman (John Landy stopping in the middle of a race to pick up a fallen opponent; Joe Louis stepping back from

a momentarily defenseless challenger) even more than they do a winner.

Baseball is undeniably sordid at times. The current hearings in Washington have shown clearly the heavy overlay of rank commercialism. The distressing comedy of errors surrounding the public vote for starting players for this year's All-Star Game reveals an astonishing ineptness at baseball's highest executive level.

But if the man is aware of baseball's feet of clay, the boy is not. The boy leans over the stadium wall (next page) to ask George Zverink for his autograph. Zverink? If the man may not be quite sure just who George Zverink is, the boy has no doubts. George Zverink is a great man: he's Baltimore's relief pitcher, isn't he?

Hoover said baseball is the greatest of American sports. Henri Cartier-Bresson, the remarkable French photographer, proved Hoover correct when he went on assignment to photograph the American game in the city of Milwaukee. His pictures follow, beginning on page 16. Not one major league player appears in any of the photographs, yet baseball—in the presence of the small boy, or the father of the small boy, or his mother, or his sister, or himself grown up—is everywhere. Thus, we insist it is not naive to say that baseball—and, by extension, the All-Star Game—is important to America. It is only the truth.

SCOUTING REPORTS ON THE ALL-STAR TEAMS: PAGE 45

DIAGRAMMATIC HISTORY OF BUSCH STADIUM: PAGE 45

THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN IN ST. LOUIS: PAGE 45

The rigid volunteer rules
of right and wrong in sports
are second only to religi-
ous faith in moral train-
ing, and Baseball is the
greatest of American sports

Herbert Hoover



1963 Summer at the University of



One City One Game

What is baseball?

*A game played
best by professionals?*

*Certainly,
but it is so much more.*

HENRI
CARTIER-BRESSON
*wandering around one
city, Milwaukee,
to photograph the sheer
overwhelming presence
of baseball
discovered that mostly
it is people . . .
a boy waiting blissfully
for a player's autograph
. . . another
popeyed with delight . . .*

continued on page 10



. . . the watchers



calm appraisal of a pop foul

box seat fan, fully equipped



carefree extrovert



moment of anguish





the knowing and unknowing



faces, and faces, and faces

moment of joy



...the boys in the park

with a picnic table as an impromptu backstop



...and the men



remembrance of things past: 10 strings 25¢



the high school game





"now here's the way to follow through"





family softball



a fielder's glove for mother



... both sexes, all ages



girls play baseball games

boys trade baseball cards

...all devotees



"it's for my daughter"

the serious shoppers



youth buys, and age would like to buy

the heir to all this



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THREE GENTLEMEN FROM BROOKLYN • TWO FIGHTS NOT TO BE MISSED •

PRINTERS! CAREFUL POURING MEETS UNFORTUNATE FACT • NOW NOT

TO GO TO THE DOGS WHILE PLAYING THE HORSES • SANCTUARIES FOR BASE

ARTFUL DODGER

BROOKLYN'S OWN Emanuel Celler, who heads the judiciary subcommittee which is trying to discover whether the business of baseball should continue to be exempt from federal antitrust laws, finally got an opportunity last week to ask some questions which have troubled all of Brooklyn. On Wednesday, Mr. Celler welcomed a pair of Brooklynites to the witness stand. First to appear (voluntarily) was Abe Stark, president of the New York City Council, who is a small, silver-haired, matty man with a complete command of the Brooklyn vernacular.

Mr. Stark was a nervous, hesitant witness but a prepared statement he read was unequivocal. He harled charges of "bribe" and "pincey" against the folks in Los Angeles and San Francisco who have designs on the Dodgers and the Giants; at his most charitable, he said "I certainly don't call them Communists, but it's certainly not the American way." Referring to California Congressman Pat Hillings, who, naturally, has plumped for major league clubs in his native state, Stark said that "Congressman Hillings was more or less very evasive, with all due respects to him." Little Abe brought up point after point to prove that the City of New York had done about all it could to keep the Dodgers and Giants, and even told about a 5,000-car garage that the city (or at least Abe) had offered to build for the Dodgers.

The third Brooklynite to participate in the drama was Walter O'Malley, president of the Dodgers. Celler, who had asked every previous witness if he knew anything about the proposed move of the Dodgers to Los Angeles, almost rubbed his hands in anticipation as he greeted O'Malley with: "Mr. O'Malley, your long-awaited turn has come." For the next few hours Celler kept pressing O'Malley for an answer to the question that refuses to lie

down: Are the Dodgers going to move? O'Malley, so adept a switch hitter as there is in baseball, first batted from the Brooklyn side of the plate—If a site is made available for him to build a stadium at Atlantic and Flatbush avenues, he'll stay. Then he took a couple of swings from the Los Angeles side—"Things are moving very rapidly and very intelligently in Los Angeles." In passing, he had some fun with Stark's 5,000-car garage, which he said would cost \$20,000,000 to build, stand 15 stories high and take over four hours to either fill or empty. Finally he told Celler he would make up his mind about Los Angeles by the end of this season, and there the matter rested when the committee adjourned.

The next session is set for Wednesday, July 19, when, presumably, the committee can get down to the business of inquiring into the relationship of professional baseball, basketball, football and hockey to the federal antitrust laws.

THE LAST ROUNDUP

THE SHORT-KICKED Jolly Roger of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) will flee, though it must soon come down. This week Jim Norris swung his IBC outlast for perhaps the last time, slicing 3½ off Welterweight Champion Carmen Basilio's purse demand, and announced that Basilio and Sugar Ray Robinson will fight in September for Robinson's middleweight title. The fight will be in New York, at either the Polo Grounds or Yankee Stadium. Robinson's share will be 45% of everything, as he insisted all along it would be, and Basilio's will now be 38%.

It could be the best fight the IBC ever put on, the best New York has seen in many a year. Basilio vs. Robinson promises to be a fabulous spectacle, a magnificent fight, an enormous drawing card. The IBC will at least die a graceful death.

And it is interesting to note that in

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Oriental Tea Parties

When Japanese Premier Kishi played golf with President Eisenhower, he reflected a booming new trend in his country. Golf has become Japan's latest fad, and waiting time to tee off on a public course outside of Tokyo is now five hours, with double-digitting planned so that Japanese golfers can play around the clock.

• Queens Gambit

A late entrant in the scramble for the National League franchise of Brooklyn and Manhattan is their neighboring borough of Queens. George V. McLaughlin, vice-chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, leads a group which has applied for a Queens franchise. Proposed team name: The New Yorkers.

• New Pitch

Softball, once the favorite pastime for girls' outings, has become too much of a pitcher's game. Now the fast-and-forgo sports program is adapting a game called soft pitch, a week cousin of softball played on shorter base lines with a bigger ball. Invented in Chicago, soft pitch has attracted some 1,600 teams in that city.

• Sub Shocking Revolt

Newport, R.I., the swells of U.S. tennis, may be the birthplace of a new era. James Van Alen, president of the Cauden, has proposed an open tournament for Newport for 1958. Should the august International Tennis Federation continue to frown on open play, Van Alen is in favor of staging the event anyway.

lying the IBC" gives acknowledgment to the stimulating effects of competition on the boxing business. The terms, 65%, for the fighters, are a cut above the usual division, and Norris might not have agreed to them if he could have had a heavyweight championship fight this summer. The upstart Earl Lewis spelled that hope. Now the nation's fans will see two heavyweight title fights, both non-IBC, and a middleweight championship bout this summer, a considerable improvement over last summer.

The IBC announcement was timed for a play. Preclaimed within an hour of the "formal" signing of the Flaud Patterson-Hurricane Jackson fight, it took some of the luster out of the heavyweight championship battleship. But nothing could altogether smother the impact of a flaming sunset event-hand tied around The Hurricane's forehead ("No keep of The Cune") or Manager Lippe Breitbard's ringing declaration that his fighter would "tear Hurricane from limb to limb."

The Hurricane was in a swelling mood, stomping out of the room when photographers asked him to shake hands with Patterson a second time.

"Once is enough," snapped Jackson. And as for the fight, he announced: "This time I'll leave my heart at home. I'll have no heart or feelings for anyone."

"He's more an animal than ever," Breitbard said proudly.

These personalities were shadowed by Commission Chairman Julius Holland's indignation that Patterson's second title defense, assuming he defeats Jackson, will be against the untried Olympic heavyweight champion, New Rademacher (31, July 1). The fight has been approved by a majority at the Washington State commission—six members dissenting in abjecture—for August 22 in Seattle, where Rademacher is "Sports Man of the Year." In his capacity as President of the World Championship Committee, an international body, Holland protested to Floyd Stevens, President of the National Boxing Association, against this "absolutely impossible and unwarranted contest," and Stevens in turn advised the Washington commission that the NBA would not recognize the fight.

There were many who agreed with Holland, including some who had been able to swallow the IBC and Frankie Carbo without gagging, that the match "would do great harm to professional boxing throughout the world."

It does not seem here that it will be doing any particular harm. It is

certainly a rehash of the present variety but no one pretends otherwise, and the public is not being tricked. *Someday Joe Louis' Burns of the Month* was no better than Rademacher, though professionals. What people will pay to see in this fight will be, as Patterson's manager has put it, "something fantastic" and, win or lose, that is what they will get. Anthony Friles, Washington commission member who opposed the match, expressed it this way:

"I wouldn't approve it under any circumstances . . . but I wouldn't miss seeing it for anything."

FORM REVERSAL

BEFORE the Annapolis ocean race June 22, there was the usual hoopla about Carlson Mitchell's lat, centerboard yard *Finisterra* (31, June 18, 1936). For one thing the race, which has always started in Newport, was turned around this time and started in Chesapeake Bay in the hope of avoiding the aloft, flat-calm streaks of the traditional Chesapeake finishes. The reversal should have given a sizable jump to Mitchell, who lives in Annapolis and is a master at analyzing the fluky winds in the 112-mile down-bay leg of the race. On the other hand, there was this year's new time penalty against contestants, which, some sailors felt, had previously had a slight handicap advantage over keel boats.



COURSE OF RBY BOATS IN ANNAPOLIS BAY

But the new ratings were judged simply an annoyance, hardly a guarantee against another victory.

As *Finisterra* cut off, a helicopter flapped down to masthead level to take pictures. On the way to the starting line, a seaplane tacked up to deliver, while publicity cameras snapped, a spinaker sent by a New York sailmaker. And as the race began, *Finisterra* hit the line as close to the desirable windward buoy and so perfectly at the gun that it was easy to feel the whole race was a prearranged stunt for a movie starting this renowned Maryland yawl.

From that moment on, however, the star performer began to scramble. Crossing the line against a southerly wind, she took her first tack too far into the eastern shore and was soon caught in light air while flying a heavy genoa. Further out in the bay a cluster of rivals, among them Jay Bonnevill and W. Hesse Harris's *Harrier*, moved ahead. That night *Finisterra* clawed her way through a rising headwind and was back in contention as she swung around Chesapeake Bay Lightship for the 224-mile downwind run to Newport.

Then she made a mismove which, all odds should have been the right play but which, by the fickle chance of deplorable weather, turned out to be a disaster. The rhumb line to Newport was, for all practical purposes, dead before the wind ever died. No conventional sailboat goes as fast downwind as it does at the slight angle from the wind; and, as a general rule, yachts such as *Finisterra* are usually not so good before the wind as upwind. *Finisterra*, therefore, steered a course of about 55° on the compass—that is, about 12 points off the rhumb line—while *Harrier*, skidding along under mainmast and spinaker, held closer. For two days, *Harrier* and *Finisterra*, along with another rhumb liner, *Boase Amie*, ran northwesterly at an average speed of 7 knots diverging slowly but never moving more than a dozen miles apart. Then, about 4 a.m. Tuesday morning, June 25, *Finisterra*, 15 miles out of the rhumb line, fell into a hole in the wind that dropped her speed to 4.5. *Harrier*, about six miles to the west, held hers up to 6.5. This lasted not more than two and a half hours, but it gave *Harrier* a chance to move ahead. *Finisterra* finally plodded over at 11:30 that morning, but it was too late. *Harrier* won on corrected time, while *Boase Amie* was second and *Finisterra* third for both fleet

continued



"That's the world's cutest horse," says the stable owner.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

horns and Class C. And two rare sloops, Cigar and Albatraz, meanwhile, were first in classes A and B.

After the race there was the usual flurry of conclusions, the shakiest of which was that the performance of *Harrier* and the other sloops proved that design-wise the fat centerboard yachts have had their day. The fact is, however, that the race was a dead run before medium winds, a condition made to order for sloops. Nonetheless, there were two sound conclusions. First, the reversed course with its prevailing tailwind and relatively breezy finish made a much better race. In fact 32 of the 34 entries broke the old course record of \$6.14 set by the ocean greyhound *Bellevue*. And also, the new time penalty against centerboards seems to have restored the handicap equality which *Freedom* upset when she started her winning streak three years ago. From now on, *Plainsboro* and the other crack centerboarders cannot afford even a single mistake if they want to keep winning in fast company.

CHARLEY, MEET MAX

AT THE AGE of 42, Max Hachberg, a stocky, square-faced barber type, had lost nearly all his hair and his appetite for the lawless livelihood. Perhaps his long spell of wartime service (Eighth Air Force) had subtly weaned him away from previous pursuits, as it did so many World War II Americans. Anyway, Max began hanging around race tracks.

This is often the end of the story, but in Max's case it was the beginning. One night he went to a harness track, bet on all eight races and lost every bet. So he decided to learn about trotting. Max spent every waking hour for five years either reading up on harness racing or sitting on the rail at training tracks, watching the horses. He covered every book in the library and every track in the country. And he learned.

He learned so well that today he sits, among others, the best-of-every-old pairing roll the world has ever seen—a smooth-gaited bay named *Torpid* who, unless he decides to take on the Thoroughbreds, has now day soon be the fastest harness horse in history. This is neither accident nor the result of a lucky bid at a sale. Max bought the mare (*Torredale*), wassure of what he'd get when he bred them—and got it.

The other night, at Vanover Raceway in New York, Max was just about that *Torpid* was about to win the first big race of the season—the \$67,000 Cane Stake. Freshly barbered and suited, he was ready for the picture-taking in the winner's circle after the race. Not arrogantly cocksure, you understand, but quietly confident.

Torpid, under the sure guidance of Driver Johnny Simpson, went through the field in both heats of the Cane like a bullet through wet paper. Against the best pieces of his age and sex, he won without drawing a deep breath.

In the winner's circle, Max was handed the huge silver bowl that is the Cane Trophy by a graying gentleman named Charley Keller. When Charley quit the New York Yankees, he too started hanging around race tracks. Today Charley has a trotter named Gay Yankee who has raced four times this year—and won four times. What's that about striking to your last?

THE BASS BARRIER

HARDLY A MAN who is alive has not invented some kind of fishing lure, and Klein's—a modest Chicago sporting goods chain—was not impressed last month when a fellow named Elwood Perry arrived from Hickory, N.C., and announced that he too had a fish killer to market. Perry, a slight, sandy-haired mechanical engineer, was not discouraged. He went to an outlying Klein's branch store in the suburbs, showed a salesman the "spoonplug" that he and his wife had been manufacturing "down home" and described a radical theory of bass fishing which prompted the lure's design.

Luckily for Perry—and for Klein's—the branch manager was a man who loves to go fishing; he agreed to help the inventor make a test before work the next day. In return, however, he specified the several actions: Fox Lake, a body of water so overfished as to have been considered by local anglers to be virtually barren for the past 25 years. Perry nodded, unperturbed. It is his theory that bass have "saturations" in the deepest parts of lakes and that, though they leave them to feed in the shallows, they spend most of their time far from the areas of fly gauds where almost every fisherman seeks them. His plug—a contraption which looks something like a spoon with its front edge bent downward—is designed to sink when trolled or retrieved and to "walk the bottom."

At dawn the next day Perry and the branch manager trolled until they struck fish; then the two men began casting—and hauling in bass. By noon the manager was on the telephone breathlessly describing the amazing triumphs to Klein's Vice-president William J. Waldman. Impressed, Waldman and some friends went to the "empty" lake to try the Perry method and came back with 10 large-mouth bass and a 13½-pound northern pike. The bass were big for the area—three to five pounds—and some were so old that they seemed to have gone blind in one eye. Waldman surmised that these must be wise and cynical old fish who had become proof against ordinary methods and that Perry's plugs had opened a new frontier to bass fishermen everywhere.

He asked reporters from *The Chicago American* and the *Chicago Tribune* to go fishing with Perry. They did, and afterward leaped to their typewriters with unbridled enthusiasm. Suddenly Perry found himself a famous man, and Klein's found itself a mecca for feverish hordes of fishermen. In the first week—while Perry's wife down home increased production like mad, and loaded every day's supply of new plugs on Chicago-bound airplanes—the store sold 18,400 of them. Last week the total was 35,000.

"I get calls from presidents of big companies," Perry's boss now, Waldman, said a few days ago. "They say, 'I know you're a busy man, but you've got to tell me how this works.'"¹ As for midwestern bass, there seemed to be only one safe place last week: off in the shallows which plug casters had been attacking for so many years. Perry decides. The bass would doubtless act accordingly soon.



RIGHT FIELDER

No wonder his fishing is rated so high: He uses flypaper. To capture a fly.

—BARNEY HITCHCOCK

THE CAMPBELL IS COMING

Indomitable and indefatigable, "Bluebird's" pilot will go for his fourth consecutive world water speed record on Canandaigua Lake with the world's only jet speedboat

SOME TIME very soon now Donald Campbell, the jaunty Scotsman shown at right who is the world's only jet boat pilot, will settle into the soft blue seat of *Bluebird* and send her two lobster-claw pontoons probing into New York State's Canandaigua Lake. If he does what he plans to do he will race along the western shore at better than 200 miles per hour, breaking the world water speed record for the fourth consecutive time.

His plans, of necessity, are to a certain degree speculative. *Bluebird* at full throttle skating down the lake on small bits of her three planing shoes is a skittish proposition indeed. A sudden cross wind can send her sliding and whipping about like a misfired ballistic missile.

"In which case," Campbell explained one day last week from *Bluebird's* dock, "you have to watch it and not overcorrect her, you know. If you do, you slew around and it's over you go."

He paused, then added drily: "And then, *Bluebird* has a naughty period. Somewhere between 160 and 225 she tries to shake your teeth out."

He squinted calmly down the waters of the lake.

"If that doesn't stop fairly soon after it starts," Campbell said, "you are in trouble. The vibrations may start reinforcing each other and get bigger and bigger and—well, a boat just disintegrates under that sort of thing. In three-fifths of a second perhaps. That fast. That's what the journalists have called 'the water barrier.' It's the sort of thing that can make you sweat."

Campbell has been sweating out various *Bluebirds* for some time, now. He is the only son of Sir Malcolm Campbell, whose famous *Bluebird* cars held the land speed record seven times and whose *Bluebird* boat set the water speed record three times.

Sir Malcolm died in December 1948, and less than three months later his son heard that Henry Kaiser was set to go after the Campbell water speed record.

"That made me feel just bloody-minded," Donald says now. "At the time there was also a lot of talk about Britain being washed up as a first-class power."

For Sir Malcolm and for Britain, Donald enlisted Lee Villa, his father's old racing mechanic, and plunged elbow deep into grease, lab calculations and model building with Ken and Lewis Norris, two consultant design engineers. Two years and \$70,000 later, Donald Campbell and the new jet-powered *Bluebird* brought the record back to England with a run of 200.32 mph on Lake Ulsterwater on July 23, 1955.

Campbell pushed the record up again in 1955 on Lake Mead, Nev., with a 216.35-mph run, and again at Lake

Coniston in England last year with 221.63 mph. In all probability he'll set it again on Canandaigua this year. Next year he will go after the world land speed record in a jet auto, and after that he'll try to set new land and water speed records during the same summer.

There's more to this than the settling of Sir Malcolm's demons in his son's bones, a pernicious inheritance, as it were. The achievements of Sir Malcolm have stayed with Donald Campbell in a very compelling way.

Sir Malcolm was a forceful and successful man. At Lloyd's, he made out very well by becoming the first in the field to insure newspapers against fire and theft, among other things. His heart, however, lay with speed. If some thought this preoccupation juvenile, Sir Malcolm might not have denied it. "Don't be in a hurry to grow up," he once told Donald. He practiced this advice, too. Once he went off to Cocos Island to hunt for pirate gold. Another time he gave Donald an electric train and then got so interested in it himself that he carted the whole thing off to a shed and built a complete track system which Donald was then only allowed to see with his father's special permission.

Just how strong his father's influence still is only Donald knows. He himself has said that on several occasions—notably one on Lake Coniston when he went slewing sideways in the old *Bluebird*—he felt that his father's hand intervened to save his life. Following up this intuition, Donald last year undertook to try out several practicing mediums to see if they could get any authentic-sounding messages from the late Sir Malcolm. One medium even seemed to be able to transmit his father's mannerisms. "My father—if indeed it was my father—seemed to laugh uproariously as he called me a 'complete clot,'" he told one journalist.

To Campbell, this was all in the scientific spirit of the practicing engineer. "The day we stop seeking answers from the unknown," he said recently in reference to the persistence of spirits, "is the day we end as a race." Up at Canandaigua now, however, there are no speculations on success. Donald is strictly business in his search for his particular unknown.

"This is not just another ridiculous attempt to go fast," he said briskly. "*Bluebird* is not a hot rod. Underline that not, please. Our object is not to create a noise, but to explore the unknown scientifically. When exploring the unknown, it's best to go step by step. At least that's what I think. We have a saying in England for that. It goes: 'Solly, softly, outside monkey.'"

—MORT LARSEN





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A Joy of Donkeys

by JOHN O'REILLY

In Bucks County, Pa., the jackass is man's most beloved friend. Here an avowed leader of the donkey set tells why

TURNED away in the northern corner of Pennsylvania's Bucks County, just beyond comfortable commuting distance from New York City, there is a stretch of country dotted by small towns, many of which are smaller than they were 50 years ago. Between the towns there are gently rolling hills composed largely of red shale which, thank heaven, is usually hidden by second-growth timber or crops. In spots the red shale gives way to yellow clay so impervious to water that swamps exist on the tops of ridges.

If we penetrate this pleasant countryside, traversing its twisting roads lined with miles and miles of old barbed-wire fence, we are apt to get lost. But in doing so, we find ourselves in the heart of the donkey country. If we get lost on just the right roads we will see herds of donkeys grazing on the lush greenery of rolling pastures or nibbling at the tall ragweed festooning the hedgerows. Even in the edges of the same towns where we pause to get directions we are likely to see donkeys in backyards.

Here amid these tranquil scenes there has evolved a gracious mode of living centered around donkeys. It is a calm way of life in which people have turned to donkeys as an antidote for the age of speed. Some donkey owners brist up their long-eared beauties to natty rigs and drive right through town in defiance of the raucous taunts of speed-crazed motorists. Others are content to sit quietly watching the yearlings at play in the meadow. They all concur, old Samuel Taylor Coleridge included, "Poor little Foal of an oppressed race! I love the languid patience of thy face."

Among members of the donkey set there are many old customs and traditions—traditions going as far back as seven or eight years. One of these is the ritual attendant upon the birth of each new foal. This is one time when the languid living gives way to a fever pitch of excitement. When the event takes place the lucky owner rushes to the telephone and starts calling other donkey owners in

the neighborhood. The news spreads like a prairie fire, as it always does where the party-line telephone system is in vogue.

Soon cars, jeeps and station wagons are speeding along the crooked roads, all headed for the same destination. Each vehicle has its quota of children, for where there are donkeys you will always find small fry. The two just seem to belong together. The crowd gathers around the funny arrival. It stands unthinkingly beside its dam. Its ears are almost as long as they'll ever be. Its tail has a comical brevity. With large, deep-set eyes it makes its first appraisal of the world. At this point the small donkey's world is composed of a ring of ecstatic members of the donkey set.

They admire the softness of its ears; its tiny, pointed hoofs; the serene expression on its face. Young donkeys are apt to frisk soon after they are born. Each time it gives the slightest frisk, laughter spreads around the ring. This sort of thing goes on until the wives remember the pot roast burning on the stove, and the husbands realize that even in the good life some work must be done. Reluctantly they depart, avowing that this is the cutest donkey ever foaled.

There are few variations to this ritual, although on one occasion a donkey breeder became so proud over the birth of a frisky foal that he donned a yellow necktie emblazoned with a donkey's picture and went around the neighborhood passing out medium-good cigars.

Members of the donkey set are generally interested in all animals, from heptapods to spring lambs, but their greatest devotion is displayed toward this ancient beast of burden. Their sentiments in this respect were best phrased by Coleridge when he wrote in another outburst of emotion: "O'erle I respect and Jack Asses I love."

Another deep-seated custom dwells in the donkey country in the donkey-irving cocktail party. At these functions the guests stroll the spacious lawns chatting freely on subjects related to the raising and enjoyment of donkeys. Both men and women are attired with an eye to dignity and casual comfort; the men featuring trousers and open-necked shirts; the women wearing dresses. Occasionally some man shows up with a necktie or some woman appears in cocktail pants but such examples of bad taste are ignored.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR HEER

4 **KATE** is trim foal out of Jennie by Jackson, surveys the lush green pastures of Bonnie Brags Donkey Farm where she was born.

Continued on page 49

4 THE ART OF RACE RIDING

Part

by EDDIE ARCARO with WHITNEY TOWER
and drawings by ROBERT RIGER

THE WHIP



CONSTRUCTION

The shaft of my whip (which I manufacture myself) has a core of 1/4-inch solid braided nylon—tubing, covered with thread in open weave, then thin rubber tubing covered with tightly woven cotton thread. To taper it we put on thin layers of packing paper—four layers at one end, up to 18 layers at the handle (D). String is tightly cross-woven and lapped over to form the outside covering. Heavy cord forms a knot at the handle, with rubber tape (E) as a grip and a heavy knot at top (F). The square peg (G) must be at least two inches long, and, like the leathers (H) under it, is made of soft leather and secured with heavy thread. I always add tape to the handle to get the proper “feel” (much as you would the grip of a golf club)—but, amusing as it may seem, when you get all through putting together this 27 1/2-inch whip the whole thing weighs only four ounces. But it can do the job, though!

I'D LIKE to repeat that any course of action a rider takes during a race depends, first, on the knowledge of what his horse will do and, secondly, on what his opposition is doing. This statement naturally includes the whipping of a horse, and in this connection I have discovered a great misconception on the part of many racing fans about the proper use of the whip. Many think that when you're flailing away you're really working. Wrong. When you're whipping a horse you're actually resting yourself—compared to the effort you put into the hand ride. But, unless you know how to whip properly and when your horse needs whipping, you can do your chances much more harm than good. For example, when a horse tires and shortens stride, the tendency of the inexperienced rider is to draw his whip. This is wrong, because, hell, if there's one thing a tired horse doesn't need—just as he's beginning to flounder around—it's a whipping. He needs the help an expert hand ride can give him. I've always operated on the theory that I only hit a horse when I absolutely have to—and never to impress the public with how hard I'm working. As for the criticism that whipping is cruel, I feel that it's very hard to hurt a horse with a whip. Some jockeys cut a horse up a bit, but I don't think that helps him run. The effect should be a sting. This isn't a painful hurt. It's a sting which should startle him into doing what you want him to do.



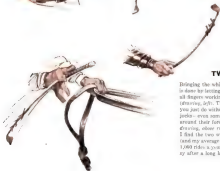
THE WHIP: SWITCH HITTING

Like most jockeys, I whip right-handed most of the time, although I think we'd all get better results if we disciplined ourselves to whip left-handed about 50% of the time. Day to day, race to race, you find yourself really handicapped if you can't whip on both sides. If you're head-and-head and the horse on the right is leaning against you and you don't know how to switch the whip—it's just like giving up. You simply haven't got a chance.



WHIP UNCOCKED

Because you are not allowed to cock your whip in the starting gate, you look like this on the break—with the leathers and leather popper pointing vertically downward and the whip held by one finger and the mouth by three. In some races I might never cock my whip. This seldom happens, though, and generally when you're ready to move or drive your horse, it's a natural reaction to cock it—where you can have it ready for immediate use.



TWIRLING THE WHIP

Bringing the whip from the uncocked to the cocked position is done by letting go of the rein with the right hand and, with all fingers working, the whip is twirled so that it is upended (twisting, left). This is one of those purely reflex actions which you just do without ever quite knowing when you do it. Some jockeys—even some very experienced ones—use a rubber band around their forefinger and the lower part of their whip case during, show right) so they won't lose it when twirling it. I find the two ways in which you're most apt to lose a whip (and my average isn't too bad; usually two lost whips in about 1,000 rides a year) are twirling it when you're apt to be clumsy after a long layoff—or accidentally hitting another horse.



WHIP COCKED

By the time you finish twirling the whip you wind up with it in the cocked position and ready to use. And, whereas in the uncocked position I held it with only one finger, I'm now very likely to grasp it with two fingers a few inches below the knob. Use of the extra finger just gives me a little better control of the whip within my hand. Now, when you take the first strike, you will also feel if the whip is striking properly or not. And if it doesn't feel right, you'll want to automatically rotate the shaft in your hand so as to hit squarely, making sure you strike him with the popper flut.

WHIPPING STYLES

You hit a horse differently, depending upon the circumstances in which you find yourself. Sometimes it is because of a possible surprising effect, but more often it is because it's the only logical way. For example, at left, where just out of the gate I want position, and while still holding the whip uncocked I'd felt his rump with my thumb up, because there was no time to cock the whip.

UNDER GIRTH: (A) If I hit a horse on the rump and haven't gotten him to moving, I'll often try a vertical stroke back over my right foot—straight down—so the whip catches him in the belly right under the girth. Another time the belly shot might help is in a tight finish when a whack might make him flinch just enough to get the nod.

FANNING: (B) Early in the race, if you have the whip uncocked going around a turn, you might hit a horse on the shoulder—sort of flip him if he's trying to run out. Again, at the finish, I'll often wave the whip just off the side of his head in a sort of fanning motion which, instead of making actual contact with his body, just makes him conscious that the whip is close by.

ON THE RUMP: (C) The proper place to hit a horse is on the rump, but above the flank. A lot of horses hit in the flank will balk. It's real tough to hit a horse properly on his rump, because you must get your arm back there and still have sufficient power to hit with. Sometimes I'll fan a horse's rump, which a lot of times in a sailing horse gets the job done better than hitting him. It looks wicked—but there won't be a mark on him.



A



B



C



TO WHIP OR NOT TO WHIP?

All this talk about whipping—how you whip, when you whip and where you whip—naturally brings up a pretty important question: Does every horse have to be whipped? I'd say, by all means, no. As long as your horse is running for you, why hit him? A lot of times I'll finish all through the stretch ready to hit my horse but won't even touch him. I'll swing that whip off his ear just to frighten him enough. He knows it's there. I always remember two truths: one is that many horses will run better without you whipping them, another is that many horses will cringe when you hit them, and you get the opposite reaction from what you want. Only your own individual experience will teach you what is best for each animal. My points here, however, are that whipping often can win races for you, and that the ability to whip with either hand gives you an advantage

over the jockey able to whip with only one. My own ability to whip left-handed was, to a great extent, the result of an accident when I dislocated my right shoulder about the time I was riding Citation. It forced me to perfect my left-handed whipping. Because I was riding the best horse in America at the time, of course I didn't want to tell anybody my trouble, but for nearly a year I couldn't raise my right arm, and even now only at the height of a summer—when I'm real loose—can I get my right arm up high. As a rule, the arc of my right stroke is much lower than my left. But now, for an example of the need for switch hitting, let's return to our theoretical mile race in which we saw (on the final page of last week's article) how my No. 2 horse was about to take the rail spot at the quarter pole and is now locked in a duel with the contending 4-horse and 8-horse.

3-HORSE SQUEEZE

In the story of our race I have moved inside 4-horse on the rail. The 4-horse is too tight, and I have no whipping room. The jock on 8-horse has plenty of room to whip right-handed. I must go to the whip. But first I must rethink the whip from my right to my left hand.



LIKE THIS ▶

SWITCHING THE WHIP

FIRST STRIDE

1 ONE CHOICE

I can prepare to switch the whip from either of two positions. In the first example, I'm holding the whip firmly in my right hand - cocked - and set to use right-handed if only I had the whipping more.



2 OR FROM HERE

Another position just before switching would find me in a standard hand-riding movement, where you'll see that I carry both the rein and whip in my right hand. From both these positions I now start.



3 SHORTEN REIN

First step in the switch is to reach forward on the right rein with my right hand in order to take ahold of the rein in a shortened position. At the same time my left hand is holding the other rein tightly.



4 LEFT REIN OVER

To make a right half-stay I must now bring the left rein over into my right hand — by taking the left rein and bringing it above the horse's neck and then picking up the left rein with my right hand.



SWITCHING THE WHIP

SECOND STRIDE

5 THE LEFT MOVES

I now have a half-cross, with complete control of my horse in my right hand. My left hand, which has already taken the reins left rein out of the way, comes forward to take the whip from the right hand.



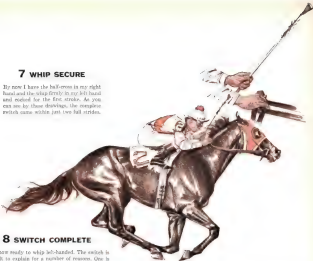
6 THERE IT GOES

Without losing control of the reins or the grip on the reins with the right hand—I loosen the right hand just barely enough so that the left hand is now able to reach down and pluck the whip free.



7 WHIP SECURE

By now I have the half-cross in my right hand and the whip firmly in my left hand and rocked for the first stroke. As you can see by these drawings, the complete switch came within just one half stride.



8 SWITCH COMPLETE

I am now ready to whip left-handed. The switch is difficult to explain for a number of reasons. One is that, for me, at least, the whole procedure is one continuous motion, and when I'm doing it I'm not conscious of exactly what I do. Another reason is that while I'm switching the whip I'm never as aware of the mechanics of actually switching it as I am of two other very vital things: maintaining control of the horse with the hand in which I hold the half-cross and looking straight ahead. I'll never allow myself, even for a split second, to look down at what my hands are doing. Most riders today are pretty good at switching the whip, although a few oldtimers who never learned it as kids haven't bothered to learn since. The difficulty in teaching it to kids is that their first reaction is to focus on the right hand so they can't get the whip out. Once they're able to lose everything—eyes and all. With practice they should acquire a touch delicate enough to control the reins and still permit the whip to slip instantly free.



AND
NOW ▶



HEADING FOR HOME

Having completed the switching of the whip from the right to the left hand—a move that becomes immediately necessary once I found myself able to move inside the 4-horse and 5-horse at the quarter pole

—I am now in good position for the drive home. I have whipping room on my inside and, if I can draw away from the 4-horse, I'll be free to whip with either hand or, better yet, ready for a hand-ride finish.

NEXT WEEK

Part **5** THE FINISH

I've often been asked about my tactics and my thinking from the eighth pole to the wire. The answer is simple: get there first. And the best way is to get down with the maximum effort in an all-out concentration of pushing with the horse so that you both work together. This is the hand ride,



Through the steady downpour you're bearing down the highway...eating up the miles to the steady flick-flick-flick of the windscreen wipers, thrilling to the round tiger-purr of the engine. As the curves go by, you never leave those tracks, never roll or sway. This is driving.

Suddenly you see him...backing out onto the highway. An immediate downshift to third, but you're going to need brakes...lots of brakes...and there's the difference: these are *Girling disc-type brakes**. They laugh at rain and punishment...they respond every time, surely, effectively, constantly. And they're yours as standard equipment on the safe, exciting TR 3. Get the full story from your dealer now.

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AMERICAN LEAGUE

PLAYER ROSTER

1B **WERTZ** (Clefes, No. 27), 32, 11th year, 4th All-Star (200 in 5 A.S.). Season 285. Rate L.

2B **MALONE** (Pia, White Sox, No. 2), 28, 11th year, 7th All-Star (185 in 12 A.S.). Season 255. Rate L.

3B **MCQUEEN** (Tigers, No. 7), 24, 6th year, 5th All-Star (222 in 9 A.S.). Season 255. Rate R.

SS **STEWART** (Orioles, No. 31), 34, 16th year, 6th All-Star (190 in 21 A.S.). Season 287. Rate R.

LF **SCOVEN** (Yankees, No. 14), 26, 4th year, 1st All-Star. Season 219. Rate R.

CF **McKENNAN** (Yankees, No. 29), 31, 1st year, 1st All-Star. Season 259. Rate R.

RF **Joe DeMaestri** (Athletics, No. 2), 28, 7th year, 1st All-Star. Season 279. Rate R.

3B **McDermott** (Yankees, No. 12), 29, 7th year, 2nd All-Star (890 in 1 A.S.). Season 306. Rate R.

SS **Frank Maloney** (Pia Sox, No. 11), 27, 2nd year, 1st All-Star. Season 231. Rate R.

ANALYSIS OF TEAM STRENGTH

Starting infield, which must remain in game at least three innings, features exceptionally sharp hitting, with accent on skill rather than power. Only Wertz, always a big home-run and RBI threat, consistently hits the long ball. Fox and Kernen rip singles and doubles to all fields, are hard to foul, run very well. Bell, although now past his prime, is smart and tough to get out. But only Fox is rated a superior fielder: Wertz, Kernen and Bell all lack range. Stengel, however, is blessed with replacement superior to the starters in the field and in some cases capable of hitting better, too: Scovron at first, the exceptionally gifted McDermott at third or short and Malone at third. The restie Richardson would be in the same category except for Fox's all-round brilliance; as it is he will furnish defensive insurance, with DeMaestri, on the bench. It is the type of lineup Stengel likes to have, one which affords him the opportunity of maneuvering to meet any situation. Versatility and superior hitting give American League a very slight edge.



One of the All-Star Game's great outfields, with its only weak area Williams' defensive deficiencies in left. But when one considers the terrific speed and range of Mantle and Kaline—and the fact that Williams has been the most dominant figure in All-Star history—this is a petty point. The three are thunderous hitters: each has won at least one batting championship, and they all drive the ball out of the park. In addition, at least as far as opposing pitchers are concerned, the three are actually four: Williams hitting left, Kaline right and Mantle either way. The reserves rank high in run production (Slevens has led the league most of the year) and furnish pinch-hitting depth. But it is mainly because of Williams and Mantle that the American League has a slight edge here too.



In a normal year, one would have only to look to Berry and rate American League catching as the best. But for Berry 1957 has hardly been a normal year. His hitting has fallen off badly both in average and run production and neither Triandou, who his hard left is slow, nor Howard, whose catching experience is limited, can fill the void.

Against a predominantly right-hand-hitting National League lineup, a manager might be expected to start with the best and most dependable right-hander on his staff, in this case, the smooth, 19th-century veteran, Early Wynn. But Stengel, who likes surprises, might choose to open up instead with the biggest surprise of the year, Billy Lee, or the fearful Tiger streakout him, Jim Bunning. However, the real strength of the American League staff is left-handed: smart leftie Bobby Skutin, in the midst of his season's finest comeback, and the pitcher who has started three of the last four All-Star Games, Chicago's brilliant Billy Pierce. Ready for emergency are the two relief men, Goose (right) and Mond (left). It is a crew with good speed, above-average control and a bewildering variety of pitches. It is also dependable, and rates a solid edge.



SUM UP

The starting lineup, with Joe left-hand hitters operating in a park with a friendly right-field fence, has an offensive advantage over the opposition which will be only partially diminished by inferior speed and defensive skill. It is hard to imagine a team which includes Mantle, Williams, Wertz, Kaline, Kernen, Fox and Berry fails to check for home; they are sure to score some runs. The reserves are also impressive, perhaps more so than

those of the National League—Scovron, McDermott, Maloney, Miano, Slevens and the rest. And the pitching staff, which undoubtedly would have been made a great deal more daunting by the presence of a healthy Whitely Ford and Herb Score, still appears to be capable and smart and steady enough to do the job. It is about time that Stengel was another All-Star Game, and this year he appears to have the edge.



NATIONAL LEAGUE

PLAYER ROSTER

ANALYSIS OF TEAM STRENGTH

INFIELDERS

- 1B STAN MUSIAL** (Cardinals, No. 6), 36, 16th year, 14th All-Star (119 in 47 A.B.), Season 349, Bats L.
- 2B JIMMYE TEMPLE** (Reds), No. 16, 27, 6th year, 2nd All-Star (180 in 4 A.B.), Season 343, Bats R.
- 3B RAY MCMILLAN** (Reds), No. 11, 26, 7th year, 2nd All-Star (187 in 3 A.B.), Season 341, Bats R.
- SS DON HODGE** (Reds), No. 32, 29, 4th year, 1st All-Star, Season 346, Bats R.
- SS GIL HODGES** (Dodgers, No. 31), 32, 11th year, 8th All-Star (164 in 11 A.B.), Season 331, Bats R.
- SS BOB SCHROEDER** (Braves), No. 45, 34, 10th year, 16th All-Star (111 in 19 A.B.), Season 337, Bats L-R.
- SS JOHNNY LEAGUE** (Braves), No. 21, 29, 7th year, 2nd All-Star (133 in 3 A.B.), Season 333, Bats R.
- SS GIL MATHISON** (Braves), No. 41, 26, 6th year, 4th All-Star (160 in 3 A.B.), Season 342, Bats L.
- SS ERNIE BANKS** (Cubs), No. 14, 35, 6th year, 3rd All-Star (100 in 2 A.B.), Season 329, Bats R.

OUTFIELDERS

- LF FRANK ROBINSON** (Reds), No. 36, 31, 2nd year, 2nd All-Star (160 in 3 A.B.), Season 325, Bats R.
- CF WILLIE MAYS** (Giants), No. 24, 29, 6th year, 8th All-Star (150 in 3 A.B.), Season 322, Bats R.
- RF HARRY AARON** (Braves), No. 44, 33, 4th year, 3rd All-Star (167 in 3 A.B.), Season 340, Bats R.
- LF MARY MOON** (Cardinals), No. 39, 25, 4th year, 1st All-Star, Season 344, Bats L.
- CF GUY BAE** (Reds), No. 21, 28, 6th year, 4th All-Star (156 in 3 A.B.), Season 328, Bats L.
- CF GUY CHASE** (Dodgers, No. 4), 27, 2nd year, 1st All-Star, Season 334, Bats R.

CATCHERS

- BO BABBY** (Reds), No. 6, 26, 6th year, 2nd All-Star (160 in 3 A.B.), Season 339, Bats L.
- Red Smith** (Cardinal), No. 14, 26, 2nd year, 1st All-Star, Season 335, Bats R.
- Frank Folan** (Pirates), No. 31, 28, 3rd year, 1st All-Star, Season 318, Bats L.

PITCHERS

- Johnny Antonelli** (Giants), No. 40, 27, 6th year, 3rd All-Star (4.30 ERA in 4 I.P.), Season 3, 8, Throws L.
- Low Radtke** (Braves), No. 30, 30, 6th year, 1st All-Star, Season 1, 3, Throws R.
- Sam Jackson** (Cardinals), No. 36, 36, 3rd year, 1st All-Star, Season 3, 4, Throws R.
- Gene Leland** (Dodgers, No. 41), 30, 7th year, 2nd All-Star, Season 3, 4, Throws R.
- Jack Sanford** (Phillies), No. 36, 27, 3rd year, 1st All-Star, Season 3, 4, Throws R.
- Art Sherman** (Phillies), No. 26, 24, 6th year, 3rd All-Star (4.00 ERA in 3 I.P.), Season 3-4, Throws L.
- Warren Spahn** (Braves), No. 21, 38, 16th year, 7th All-Star (4.30 ERA in 8 I.P.), Season 3, 3, Throws L.

Near fame perpetrated unintentionally by shrewd Cincinnati fans has, strangely enough, given National League one of finest defensive infielders in All-Star history. The three Reds—Temple, McMillan and Hodge—are super glove-men; it may take a cannon to get anything past them. No one speaks of Stan Musial in the same breath as these three whose fielding excellence is renowned, but then no one speaks of them in the same breath with Musial when the talk swings to hitting, either. His prowess at the plate has been surpassed only by Williams in recent All-Star Game history and it is because of Musial's ability to carry the attack that Alton may be able to leave the other three in for nine fall innings. However, if more power is needed, there is Shaggy Eddie Matheson to sub for Hodge and either Johnny League or Ernie Banks to catch McMillan. Gil Hodges, a superior first baseman and dangerous hitter, is available if Musial should tire or move into left field. And Schroeder—or Don Hladgerson, who will replace him if Red fails to recover from a hip injury in time—can adequately relieve Temple.

This is an outfield that could be around at All-Star time for years to come. The three starters—tall, strong Frank Robinson, fleet, brilliant Willie Mays and the quiet but dangerous Henry Aaron—have in common youth, great power, high batting averages and the type of speed that can beat you both on the bases and in the field. If there is an imperfection, it is Robinson's arm. Yet despite their shining records, the three right-handers do not hit any harder than Williams, Mantle and Kaline, nor do they run any faster nor throw any harder than the last two. And none has yet proved himself to be a Williams in an All-Star Game. Alton's reserves—Moon, Chase, Bell—are less impressive than the usual lineup on the National League bench but, aside from pinch-hitting duties, is probably isn't too important. Mays, Aaron and Robinson should go all the way.

Big, strong, hard-throwing Ed Bailey has moved past a declining Campanella to become the National League's best catcher. With Berra slumping, he is also perhaps the best in all baseball. With two .300 hitters, Smith and Folan, to help him out, he gives the National League a big edge.

Facing a well-balanced American League team which hits right predominantly to the left and right at the plate, Alton will waste little time plotting pitching strategy—although he admits it would be nice if his left-handers were having less erratic years. Despite the slightly stronger left-hand-batting lineup the opposition will present at the beginning, the National League may have to depend most upon right-handers Jack Sanford, the Philadelphia White Kid with the whirling fast ball; Larry Jackson, the converted Cardinal relief pitcher; tough, steady Low Radtke; and Alton's own relief ace, Clem Labia. Or the left-handers, if they are right, of course, could steal the show: wise old Warren Spahn; Johnny Antonelli, pitching star of the big game a year ago; and Philadelphia's Curt Sherman. The staff has speed, very good stuff and above-average control. But its dependability, at this point, would appear to be low.

SUM UP

Should the National League get off to a quick lead, it will be doubly hard to catch; it is then that Alton can stick with his weaker-hitting but rugged defensive infield all the way. Superior team speed represents a marked advantage not only in the field but helps the attack, too. Mays, Hodge, Temple, Moon and Robinson are base runners capable of opening up another club's defense, forcing it into errors and keeping the pressure on. But

the hitting of the starting lineup, despite Musial and the outfield, has to give something away and Alton cannot quite match Berra in second-line punch, either. With several of the pitchers operating at something below peak efficiency—and with others like Schramm and Roberts not even around—it is doubtful that the staff is capable of holding the line. Too much of the lead, for an All-Star Game, may have to be carried by the defense.



ALL-STAR continued

HISTORY AND BUSCH STADIUM

Busch Stadium, St. Louis, the scene of this year's All-Star Game, was built in 1967 and until 1993 was called Spartan's Park. Its officers in the last century had names like Van der Ake, Markham and DiStefano; managers of this century have been called Hornsby, Sisler, Dean and Midget. Above are pictured a few of the park's epic moments, some heroic, others silly. St. Louis fans still glow with the memory of Enos Slaughter (11) dashing all the way from first base to score the winning run of

the 1945 World Series as Boston's Johnny Pesky, ball in hand, stood in frozen astonishment. They shudder at the memory of Dixie Dean (8), pinbouncing in the fourth game of the 1934 World Series, getting leaved during an attempted double play. And they chuckle in recalling the headlines the following day: 2-BAYS OF DEAN'S HEAD WITH A. SCREAM. They have not forgotten the time Whitey Witt of the Yankees (5) got hit on the head with a bottle while standing in center field. How they booed

at the official explanation: since no St. Louis fan would stoop to throw a bottle, the bottle must already have been there and Witt, by stepping on the edge of it, slipped it up and hit himself. They can still taste the dust sent up by a Pepper Martin slide (7), remember happily about Bill Veech's midget (15) or argue the respective merits of Hornsby and Sisler (1). There are still scars, they say, near the spot where Clint Courtney and Billy Martin battled (6), and the ground still vibrates from the duels waged by Carl Hubbell and Dean (8). And when the 1957 All-Star Game is played, who knows what new thrills it may be to remember.

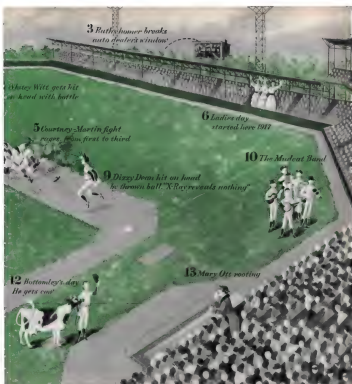


ILLUSTRATION BY VED. CLEVER

THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN IN ST. LOUIS by HORACE BUTTON

OCCUPANTS of the attic seats of Busch Stadium on the sixth of July will not only gaze upon the All-Stars departing themselves on the field below, but they can look out as well over the fences to the vast verdure of St. Louis, a city bred on breakfast, hardened by a bend of the Mississippi and awash in beer.

Here, where the Busches and the Redbirds play and the summer temperatures are reminiscent of the range at home, a visitor can stare off starvation not only through the noble efforts of the worst dealers displaced from Wuppertal, but also with the help of a battery of hotels, a battalion

of restaurant chefs who broil only on charcoal, and a colony of Italians who have long held the heights known locally as The Hill.

A famous outpost on The Hill is Ruggeri's. Eminent there since 1904, it is now a modern, bright auditorium which lists among its assets chairs for 600, Yogi Berra's brother and a Mighty Warliker organ. Its dimensions make it perhaps the largest steak house west of the Mississippi; Yogi's brother, whose name is John, waits tables there; and the Mighty Warliker once occupied a downtown Loew's

continues on page 58

NEW HOPE FOR HOPEFULS

Young tennis talent, long in need of more help and encouragement from the elders, has found generous new friends in southern California. 'On the courts and out of court' is their slogan

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

Photographs by KEN C. ZIMMERMAN

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, which has spawned such emperors for the national tennis palace as Ellsworth Vines, Jack Kramer, Pancho Gonzales and Maureen Connolly, has again taken the initiative in rejuvenating the sport in this country. This fact became abundantly clear two weeks ago when a group of 86 of the area's front-line executives—merchants, financiers, officers and others—called a luncheon at the California Club in Los Angeles to announce the formal launching of the Youth Tennis Foundation of Southern California. Reese Taylor, the big, genial chairman of the board of the Union Oil Company and a man who was quite a baseball player in his younger days, has been a key figure in the organization of this tax-exempt foundation and, as its president, he made the key speech of the day. "Our aim," said Taylor with a fine tongue for a phrase, "is to keep our youngsters on the courts and out of court."

No tennis project in southern California would be complete without the help of Perry T. Jones, who for the past 24 years has been the father-confessor, patron and ear of the area's young tennis hopefuls. Fittingly, Jones will be the on-the-spot, day-to-day boss of the foundation's program. He told the luncheon guests that in the past there was seldom more than \$10,000 a year available for the promotion of young tennis talent. Already \$15,000 has been spent on the program in its first year and in subsequent years the expenditures will probably go as high as \$50,000. "I can tell you," he said, "that what has happened in southern California tennis in the last 25 years is just peanuts by comparison with what is going to happen."

Jones then told of the four ways the foundation plans to develop and hold the interest of the local boys and girls: 1) by providing expert instruction for any who want it; 2) by offering visual aid and incentive through motion pictures; 3) by making sure that all interested youngsters have the best possible equipment and facilities; and

4) through increased promotion of southern California tennis activities by local press, radio and television.

Meanwhile, American tennis is already showing signs of a new vigor in its junior ranks. A fortnight ago Miriam (Mimi) Arnold, 18, of Redwood City, Calif., stirred old London memories of Maureen Connolly by winning The Queen's Club women's championship, major pre-Wimbledon test. This 6-foot-2 daughter of Mrs. Ethel Burkhardt Arnold, former Wightman Cup player and No. 2 ranked nationally, showed a brilliant backcourt game which promises to make her a future champion.

She is just one of several bright young girl stars pictured on the opposite page who are preparing to carry on the U.S. supremacy in women's tennis. Of the others, Mary Ann Mitchell of San Leandro, Calif., is ranked second among the junior girls; Jacqueline England of Oxnard, Calif., won the Southern California Midwinter Junior Tournament last December; Donna Floyd of Arlington, Va., shared the National Junior Girls' Indoor Doubles crown with Nancy O'Connell; and Carole Wright of Brooklyn is ranked fourth in the eastern women's rankings.

On the page following, you will also find a gallery of some of the up-and-coming boys. Worth particular mention right now is Earl (Buck) Buckholz Jr., of St. Louis—a strapping 6-foot-3 14-year-old who has drawn rave notices from Jack Kramer and Don Budge. They contend he only needs to iron out a few rough kinks in his game and temperament to achieve greatness. Taught since childhood by his father, he has powerful, sweeping ground strokes. He hits a service like a racket and volleys beautifully. He moves remarkably well for a big boy—"like a jungle cat," says Former Champion Dick Savitt.

CHAMPION QUINITY of teenage stars was taught by the parents during a pause at Forest Hills tournament last summer. They are (left to right) Carole Wright, 18; Donna Floyd, 18; Mimi Arnold, 18; Jacqueline England, 18; and Mary Ann Mitchell, 18.





PAUL DELOACH, JR., St. Louis, 16, the aggressive competitor with a brilliant all-round game, is National Junior Indoor champion.



JOHN THOMPSON, Pasadena, Calif., 17, is an estate town-head with a typical California style—big serve and sharp volley.



CHARLES (CHUCK) MCKENLEY, St. Ann, Mo., 16, fine match player with good ground strokes, is National Boys' Indoor champ.

CLARENCE (EDDIE) SLEDGE JR., Dallas, 18, a hard-hitting pupil of former star Wayne Sledge, has driving "outside forehand."



EDMAR (RED) NEELY III, Atlanta, 17. A typical play court retreater, ready-plays on lower surfaces to develop offensive game.

ALLEN FOX, Beverly Hills, Calif., 18, has fine ground strokes and features a strong backhand but leans toward defensive play.



A BOYCOTT THAT BACKFIRED

Top European drivers wouldn't meet the Americans in the Monza auto race. Fans seemed to say they were wrong

By WILLIAM ROSPIGLIOSI

RUN UNDER a cloudless Italian sky, the Monza "500" turned out to be an exceptional event in which all competing cars exceeded by at least 20 mph the highest speed ever attained at Indianapolis. This also beat by a very long way the highest speeds reached at Monza before.

Records varied like Chianti in the hot sun. In trials Tony Bettenhausen drove his Naco Special—with a supercharged V-8 engine—at 177.046 mph around one lap, and in the race its winner, Jim Bryan, also covered a lap at 175.547 mph, as against the Indianapolis track record of 153 mph.

Scotland's plucky Jaguars, who alone among Europeans had dared stand up to the Americans—81, June 24, also beat the Indianapolis record by some 26 miles as they finished fourth, fifth and sixth.

Before the race Jaguar Owner David Murray had said: "It's all against the rules for sports cars to run against track racers. But we aren't a firm of European car makers. We are the Ecurie Ecosse, a sporting organization. So we had to come here, didn't we?"

Americans didn't have Jaguar's problem. With their bigger tires (29 inches against Jaguar's 16) their driving style was at first completely different. They dove into a bend at a high speed, which carried them up toward the top of the bank, then they slackened. As the car lost speed it brought them down to the middle of the bank, thus avoiding the dreaded rough fattening-out portion at the bank's end where, according to Firestone's engineer, Jevial Walter E. Lyon, a car tends to "walk away." With an adaptability and versatility that astounded the Europeans, the Americans in a few rounds learned to take bends faster (and therefore higher, closer to top). It was mastery of this new art as well as his own disciplined self-pacing that carried Jim Bryan to victory. He held himself in check at the right moments, drawing

from crowd and experts the ultimate exclamation: comparison with Juan Manuel Fangio.

Pat O'Connor's Blue No. 12 Sunair Special took over the lead when Bettenhausen dropped out with suspension trouble. But by the 11th Jim Bryan was racing O'Connor wheel to wheel. The contest thrilled the crowds, more accustomed to the snailier, longer-distanced spacing in Formula One racing, which found the jumble of cars in the lead an exhilarating novelty. One man was heard to exclaim: "What excitement! It's (for us) a new racing method. It's good the Americans are here."

Bryan finished the first of the three 60-lap rounds two and one-tenth seconds ahead of O'Connor.

The second round produced a desperate duel between O'Connor and Eddie Sachs, which ended with both drivers going to the pits. Bryan drove a more thoughtful race and again emerged the winner.

Now comfortably in the lead in the overall classification, Bryan drove cautiously in the final round and let O'Connor, who had repaired his car, drive away from him with Tony Rut-

man in close contention. Bryan's rare paid good dividends when O'Connor retired from the race with a damaged gas tank. Bryan let Rutman win the third round and secure second place in the overall classification.

Bryan, who takes home \$24,000 in prize money, smoked three cigars during the race. Afterward, he said: "This race was something. We finally got a look at a European track, and they've seen how fast we can run."

Next morning, the Italian press was quick to praise. *L'Espresso* wrote: "Yesterday's 500 Miles has demonstrated well its intelligent formula where racing's future lies. It will become the classical form of racing."

Firestone's engineer Lyon had also learned something: "For Indianapolis we built a tire to drive through corners at 184 mph in a controlled drift so that the whole car slides. At Monza the problem is quite different. Instead of a controlled drift, the weight of the car on the tire is suddenly doubled as the car comes on to the bend. The tire wall has to take twice the normal load. At the same time it must be thin enough to dissipate the heat that builds up from extreme speeds." **END**



THE UNPRECEDENTEDLY STEEP BANKING PERMITTED NEW TRACK RECORD SPEEDS AT MONZA

THE TRAGIC FOURTH

Jackie Pung's failure to report her score correctly was the technicality which lost her the Women's Open golf title

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

YOU WOULD probably never see an unhappier group of people at a golf championship than was gathered at the Winged Foot Golf Club in Mamaroneck, N.Y. last Saturday evening at the close of the National Women's Open. This gloom came hard on the heels of a very deeply felt elation. Mrs. Jackie Pung, the 235-pound Hawaiian lady, who is quite a golfer and quite a person, came ripping down the final 18 (after a par 75 in the morning) to catch the leader, Betty Rawls, and edge her out by a stroke, 298 to 299. The gallery's great delight in Mrs. Pung's triumph was occasioned partially by the magnificent 72 she had shot when nothing short of the most brilliant golf could have won for her. And it was occasioned partially by the knowledge, common to just about everyone present, that the reticent Hawaiian, a self-taught golfer whose talent for the game is as instinctive as the young Sarason's, really needed the money which victory would bring.

After Mrs. Pung, then a complete

unknown, won the Women's Amateur in 1952, she turned professional on the logical means of getting the wherewithal to pay for the education of her two daughters. In 1953 she lost the playoff for the Women's Open to Betty Rawls. Some two years ago, physically and emotionally far from well, she went back to Hawaii to try to reorganize her life. She returned to the States and to the pro circuit only two months ago. This is just brushing the surface of Jackie Pung's story. There have been many hard knocks in it, but she has managed to survive there all quite valiantly. In this day and age of public-relations personalities, her manner, always natural and altogether honest, is extremely refreshing.

About 48 minutes after Mrs. Pung had walked off the 18th green, the apparent winner, the United States Golf Association announced that, the most generous unhappiness—that she had been disqualified for reporting an incorrect score on one hole (the fourth) on her final round. It is hard to describe what this revelation at Winged Foot. First, it seemed incredible, like a bad dream. Second, it seemed grossly unjust, however defensible legally. Mrs. Pung had handed in the correct total for her final round—72. Her card showed a 5 and not the 6 she had taken on the fourth, but her addition took into account that it had been a 4—her total was correct. The shocking news of Mrs. Pung's disqualification filled everyone with a personal sense of impotent anger and with compassion for the victim of so important a ruling based on so insignificant a technicality. The members of Winged Foot spontaneously undertook a collection for Jackie, and within a very short time over \$2,000 had been contributed. Some of the most generous contributions came from the USGA officials, who, in pursuit of their duty as they saw it, felt compelled to uphold the rules, whatever their personal feelings. It had all the elements of classical theatrical tragedy. Mrs. Pung spoke at the conclusion of the ceremonies at which the cup was presented to the

official winner, Betty Rawls. Earlier, on hearing the bad news, she had broken down and left the club with her 15-year-old daughter, then she had calmed herself down and returned, honestly atoned about the whole hard experience. "Winning the Open is the greatest thing in golf," she began her remarks at the presentation ceremonies. "I have come close before. This time I thought I'd won. But I didn't. Golf is played by rules, and I broke a rule. I've learned a lesson. And I have two broad shoulders. . . ."

THE SCORING SYSTEM

Let us now get the facts relating to the infraction clear. On the final day of the Women's Open, the contenders against an unknown Jackie Pung were paired with Betty Jarmon. Each player has a scorecard on which she keeps the other's score Jackie kept Betty's; Betty kept Jackie's. Each score is accompanied by a woman scorer, but she has no official function. The scorecard she keeps is for the convenience of the press. At the conclusion of a round, each player is handed her scorecard by her playing partner. It is each player's job to check and see that her score for each hole has been correctly recorded before signing it. (A player is responsible for reporting her score for each hole—not for the total.) According to USGA regulations, once a card is signed and handed in it is an official return. If it is later discovered that a person has reported a wrong score for a hole, the penalty is disqualification. As it happens, this matter was given special attention only this past winter by the Executive Committee of the USGA. In the 1956 Men's Open Jack Burkwood (of California) both handed in incorrect cards and were penalized two strokes by the USGA. Same thing with Betty Rawls in last year's Women's Open. Many old golf hands felt this lenient penalty to be an evidence of laxness on the part of the USGA, certainly the most conscientious and standards-guarding of all governing bodies in sport. The majority of the members of the USGA



WINNER, DAUGHTER—BEFORE THE BLOW



MRS. PUNG, DISQUALIFIED, SPORTSMANLY CONGRATULATES NEW CHAMPION BETSY RAWLS

Executive Committee also felt this way. The present disqualification rule was passed.

Returning to the fourth hole of the final round—the fourth is a par 5—both Pung and Jameson took 6s. Each, preoccupied under the pressure of the Open with her own game, mistakenly credited the other with a 5. Each knew that she herself had played a 6. Jackie knew she had a 6 and the gallery knew she had a 6 and the keeper of the Markheim scoreboard following the match knew it and changed Jackie's standing with par for the round from 2 under par (she had birdied the second and third) to 1 under par. During the next three hours, everyone on the course knew correctly how she stood in relation to Betty Rawls, who had started the final round with a three-stroke lead and was playing some two holes ahead of Pung. Everyone knew correctly that ultimately, when Jackie came to the 18th, she needed the 4 she got to win by one stroke. (As she was playing the 18th, an executive of the USGA announced to the gallery packed around the green that she had to get a 4 to win.) The round over, Betty Jameson gave Jackie her card, and Jackie gave Betty hers. Though neither caught the mistake on the fourth, both totals were correct—both knowing well how they stood with par. Each signed her card.

Indisputably Mrs. Pung and Miss Jameson, the USGA, was legally correct. Each player had broken a rule. It is very questionable, though, if in serving the letter of the law the USGA served justice. There were some exceptional circumstances which the USGA could well have taken into account.

Mrs. Pung's failure to spot her incorrect score for one hole—which, it should be repeated, had no bearing at all on her correct total score—came not at the end of a routine early round of a tournament. The moment she holed the winning 41 jester, happy pandemonium broke out, made all the more joyous by the sight of Jackie's young daughter running out to greet her. It was a very exciting moment, and no doubt the press and radio men were wrong in rushing Jackie away as soon as they could to the press tent for the usual interview with the champion. In such a hurly-burly of happiness, it is small wonder that Mrs. Pung, glancing through the figures on her card which Miss Jameson handed her, could only note that the totals were indeed correct, sign her name, and turn her thoughts to the full significance of her winning the Open.

Just about all of us at Winged Foot felt that the unusualness of the circumstances and the irrelevance of the technicality to Mrs. Pung's known performance were sufficient grounds for the USGA to break its own rules and to justify this on the grounds that the error in bookkeeping had truly affected the winning and losing of the tournament by not so much as a goat's eyelash. Sufficient grounds, also, to be indeed thankful that there were these good reasons for disregarding the technicality and officially accepting as the winner the golfer who has completed the 72 holes in one shot less than her closest rival. Had the technicality of disqualification been waived, the rules of golf would not have been weakened, and, I really believe, the spirit of golf more honestly served. END

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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for
young golfers

from **BILL SHIELDS**, *Thirty-First Golf Club, Westport, Mass.*

Whenever you can, hit out a few balls before you begin your round. And use your head when you warm up. There's nothing gained by taking out your driver and just seeing how much beef you can put into a swing. What you want to do is to get a good sound swing started, to get your shots moving out there with a pattern that has some character to it.

Start your warmup with the mashie, the five-iron. I'll tell you why. It encourages a controlled swing in which you pivot properly and use your hands the way you should. If you start with a niblick, you're too apt to develop a pattern that doesn't tie body action and arm action together. You don't swing. And if you rush right off with a wooden club or a long iron, instinctively you try to hit the ball far distance before your swing is ready for it. Now with the five-iron you're just trying to get the ball out there 150 yards or so, so there's no tendency to press or to rush it. Then, once you've established a good pattern and rhythm for your swing, you can change to a long iron or hit a few woods and strengthen this groove.

Fifty-odd years ago we used to practice at Oakley by hitting five-irons to a pail down the practice fairway. I still think it is the best stick in the bag either for beginning a quick percolated warmup or a more intensive session on the practice fairway.



NEXT WEEK: PHIL PERKINS ON SEABRING THE CHIP



UNSWINGING BAXTER WAS HOUSTON'S HERO

THE CHAMPS OF 1960

Chivalrous, dazzling golf was seen at the Collegiate tournament, where more than one future Open winner may have been lurking

by JAMES MURRAY

THE stunning fairways and deeply shadowed greens of the Broadmoor were awash with nearly 200 young men, all in the feverish throes of swinging golf sticks furiously through the thin mountain air and striving for one of the prized 64 playoff places in the 60th annual National Collegiate Athletic Association Golf Tournament.

In the world of college golf, which is becoming increasingly feared in championship play, the NCAA is the most prized championship a boy can win. It is really two tournaments in one—individual and team play. The University of Houston's crack team of Rex Baxter Jr., Jimmy Hickey, Frank Wharton and Stan Binion won the latter with 562. Stanford was second by one stroke.

The new Walker Cup choices, Joe Campbell of Purdue and Rex Baxter Jr. of Houston, were the favorites in the match play individual championships, but the early-round hero of the tournament was a tiny, peppery Mexican-American from Midland, Texas: Marcelino Marrero. Marcelino was barely as big as his golf bag, which he tossed himself over his shoulders like a Chinese riddle balancing two barlocks of water on a yoke. He took 40 putts on the first round for a 77, then threw his putter away and patted with his cup of a sand wedge. This so improved his score that he easily qualified with a 75 the second day. Every one doubled up with laughter until Marcelino won three straight matches on the last hole and was suddenly in the semifinals against the great Baxter himself.

Baxter frequently used a six-iron where Marcelino used a spoon, but Marcelino would always show up exactly on the green, growing behind his old-fashioned, gold-rimmed

spectacles and murmuring politely, "You're away, Rex." The long holes finally shattered the 5-foot-4, 126-pounder, however, and Baxter blazed him out, 5 and 3.

One of the qualifiers, Princeton's Wendell Long, was playing a spirited second-round match with Arizona State's Stanley Hobert, which extended to the 21st hole. Long blistered a long tee shot into the shallow rough, then sent his next cartwheel wildly onto the green. He looked a sure winner—until he bent to pick up his ball and brush it off, when his face blanched. "It's not my ball," he said in a stricken voice. "I lose the match." And so he did, but not the salute of the entire tournament for a demonstration of honesty in the very best traditions of the game. A Notre Dame boy put himself out by insisting on taking a two-stroke penalty when his caddy accidentally picked his ball up.

The Broadmoor Hotel and course is certainly one of the world's picturesque settings for golf, but it is not without its pitfalls, even to the many gather. High on the overhanging Pikes Peak Mountain is a Will Rogers shrine, a carillon with a multitude of amplifiers which sits on a craggy rock overlooking the whole plateau and surroundings of Colorado Springs. Every quarter hour the shrines sound out boomingly over the valley below, and many was the golfer who would be drawing his putter blade back as the beautiful notes sounded with rock-crash suddenness.

At odd hours of the day, when no one could protest, the shrines' loudspeakers would just as abruptly begin to blare various of the late Rogers' (and the Broadmoor's favorite tunes. The effect on players was horrendous.

It was finally the booming hitters who could master the crushing 381-yard 9th and 583-yard 17th who survived the fast and violent play. Joe Campbell was stylishly dispatched by Yale's slim, boyish-looking Pete Nesselton, who puffed with the grace and aplomb of a Horton Smith. But the enraging Baxter took advantage of Nesselton's shaky start to drop him out in the quarterfinals, 2 and 1.

By common consent, the tournament's classiest swing belonged to Wisconsin's Roger Rabenold, but he fell prey to the grinning, hustling little Moreno in the quarterfinal. Moreno proved more than a match for the time changes and times by reason of the fact he was usually making two marks on himself whistling *The Yellow Rose of Texas* and other ditties of the blue prairie.

With Campbell out, it appeared Houston's Baxter could win on roller skates. But the word began to filter out by the quarterfinals that the late Hamilton College golfer, Ward Westhafer, overlooked despite the fact he won the amateur division of George F. May's World Championships in Chicago last year, was a major threat in the tournament. He gave Baxter a big fight in the final, but the long-legged Walker Cupper's stamina outlasted the collegiate championship and gave Houston University a clean sweep of the teams, team and individual.

So the U.S. had its first national competitive look at its golf champions circa 1960 and after. Baxter, in terms of seasoning and steady form, was the best player—and will be heard from. But so will Westhafer, also 21, and only a sophomore. As will Rabenold, Campbell, Nesselton—and the maverick Marcelino.

END

FOOTLOOSE

Continued from page 18

theater. At Ruggieri's in-below's rightly under the wings of one Stan Kana, who also plays three times a day during intermissions at the Fox, six times a day on a local television station and once a week in church. In addition to all this celebrity, tables are also waited by Joe Gangiola's brother Mickey, and the customers' cars are parked by Yogi Berra's father.

Aside from nesting with the Red-birds, Stan Maral also operates a modern green chophouse at 6435 Chippenaw, out a bit from downtown, known as Stan Maral and Higgin's. Besides a first-class safari strip, visitors can also examine the exhibits, which include gold bats and other horrors from the days when Stan led the league (.348 in 1950, .345 in 1941 and .339 in 1962).

A newcomer in the cacciatori circle and an immense hit is Tony's, a low-slung modernistic place which is not on The Hill at all but tucked away in the produce market on Broadway. Although the ceilings were built to escape the heads of people who started smoking at 4, and there is never a seat without a wait, Tony's reward is a complete \$5 Italian dinner including Chianti, and you keep the bottle.

Also on the rumbling fringes of the downtown section is that oldtime, far-famed Holstein island called the Green Garden, presided over by Jim Meritika. Meritika, the only remaining Green-St. Louisian who can boast of working as a bushy with the fabulous Skouras brothers, has catered to the needs of prosperous St. Louisans and faraway visitors in good times and dry without letup. Order a glass of mosquito to top off your meal and Jim will personally tell you of the great days of the past.

To explore from other latitudes, St. Louis seems to spread across the full breadth of the Louisiana Purchase, with one cluster of hotels hugging the Statler down toward the river and another group, more residential and seamy, strung out along the fringes of Forest Park. The Statler, the only Hilton hotel in town, is a 650-room extravaganza, orderly and attractive, and like all Statlers complete with a Cafe Rouge and a dark-paneled Terrace Room. Flanking it is the Larnox, which has a downstairs Rathskeller, a brown and berry place where steaks and chops repose on a blanket of shared ice before being broiled in the open charcoal fire. The perfumes of Bavaria may also be inhaled at the Hofbräu of

the Mayfair Hotel, where pretzels are stacked on racks, the waiters are dressed in Tyrolean vests and the whole suddy menu is printed in German. With the Saxons amply provided for, an Anglo can retire to the Mayfair Room which, with its crystal chandeliers, stained glass windows and eels on the wall, is probably the most refined public place in town.

At the edge of the park's precincts is the Forest Park Hotel, which encloses the Karl and Sirlin, so named, I suspect, because it adjoins the hotel's open-air swimming pool and specializes in red meat roasted black. The Frontier Room of the Montclair hotel, also in the vicinity, is planked like some elegant shanty, with wormy chestnut, and specializes, for reasons that escape me, in Cantonese cookery.

The Chase and its appendage, the Park Plaza, both of which face Forest Park, offer a limited version of a Hollywood hotel, especially with the outdoor pool set between the brick towers and screened from the street by hedges. Here, under a statue of a fat cement lady picking her right toe, visiting ball teams fall in beach chairs admitting the visiting airline hostesses preeminent down the grass aisles. Next door is a cheerful place called the Steeplechase bar where one Harry Fender, a Englefield star who walked out on Broadway to become a St. Louis city detective, fills bustles over the evening air.

WINE DRINK IN AN ARID

Atop the Chase is a glasserie where the night birds fit about to music, perching only long enough to contemplate the entertainment or the view across the greenery of Forest Park. Somewhere out there, come nightfall each summer's evening save Sunday, the Municipal Opera presents musical comedy before a tidy hillside audience of 12,000. Back on the crest of the hill, 1,500 free seats are offered every night. The front rows will shortly be air-conditioned, two giant water guns onstage and a pair of fog-dispersal machines not only disperse the fog but reduce the humidity.

The other big show in Forest Park is the St. Louis Zoo, one of the nation's most famous. Among its residents is a whopping elephant seal; Phil, largest captive gorilla in the world and one of the few who drink beer; and a tribe of seven now dead chimpanzees who perform twice daily in their own theater. The show changes every year, as George Virshup, the zoo director explains, last year the chimps gave a performance of Show Boat. Recently

Garie Bunch donated eight baby elephants, and a regular elephant show, complete with elephants in ballet costumes and hats, will shortly open in a \$500,000 elephant house and theater.

Bunch's own attraction down by the river is the tidy Anheuser-Busch beer works, which covers 70 square city blocks. Some 100,000 visitors a year filter through to see the malt-making, the snake dance of the bottles, and to sample free beakers of Michelob and Budweiser. Grant's Farm, Grant's home place farther to the north, attracts 200,000 visitors annually.

Every morning the streamlined steamer *Adriatic* plucks the brewery on its way over a six-hour course downriver and back, carrying unaccountable youngsters, innumerable pinball games and an eight-piece jazz band. Moonlight cruises depart nightly at 9 with rock 'n' roll provided by the Mississippi aided by a 12-piece band.

As for forays over dry land, there is a mallow preserve known as Busch's Grove, a half hour from downtown, on Clayton Road, where dinner is served in some 30-odd private screen-and-log houses strewn under the elms. There have been standing under the amber lanterns at Busch's (no kin of the beer Busches) for some 30 years now, and many of their visits were, if not historic, memorable. Lindbergh made his first appearance here when he first returned to St. Louis from Le Bourget.⁴ Babe Ruth and Connie Mack were there on their final visits to St. Louis, and it was in a summerhouse in Busch's Grove that Allen Barkley first announced his engagement to Mrs. Janet Hadley. Start your meal with their special vintage cheese and you'll see why the place is eternal.

Farther out in St. Charles, some 45 minutes from Broadway, is Weppeich's Wine Garden, a slice of scholasticism from Old Vienna where wine is served on grassy terraces that rise in tiers over the banks of the Missouri. Under an awning of Missouri state wildflower wine (Hochmischel and Moser) white crickets click, redwood and a hidden hot winds Franz Josef culture wringing out across the silver-black river.

The music and the mood are certainly more agitated in the West End along a wide street known as the DeBaliviere strip. For those who find the air too diluted in St. Louis, there is a settlement over in Illinois, on the left bank of the Mississippi, equipped with bones, bumps and B girls. What I mean to say is, if you seek a warmer side, meet me in East St. Louis. Louis, it ain't so saintly there. ■■■

Joy of Donkeys

continued from page 42

As the guests wander the grove toward or lean on the paddock fence to watch the donkeys, it is noticeable that each has latched onto a real Old-fashioned Bucks County Deep-dish Martini. The Deep-dish Martini, with its rich aroma of blended gin and oil of lemon skin, is as traditional as the very donkeys themselves. Built along strong lines, this drink must be taken in the leisurely pace that marks this type of living. It is a large drink, constructed to last out a slow walk to the donkey barn, a period of quiet contemplation of the animals there, and a conversational stroll back. It should be consumed while on the move. Those who sit and gulp seldom rise again.

A recipe for this traditional drink of the donkey set follows:

Pour gin into mixer until wife begins to frown.

Add dry vermouth with great flourish indicating more is going in than actually is.

Sock ice cubes with cracking gadget and dump into mixture.

Stir with long spoon until icy cold. Strain the mixture into large old-

fashioned glass containing one olive.*

Squeeze oil of lemon skin onto surface of drink.

Drop in new strawlike piece of ice so drink will remain cool while viewing donkeys.

People from the outside who sometimes are brought to these functions by guests are often mystified. At some point during the afternoon they will slide up to a donkey owner and say, "Why do you keep donkeys?" A smile of genial tolerance comes over the face of the donkey owner. He takes a deep sip of his Deep-dish, pauses reflectively and finally replies, "Why does anyone keep a Rembrandt painting?"

To really find the answer to this question we must visit some of these old donkey farms and meet some of the donkeys as well as their owners. A prime example is Bonnie Brays Donkey Farm, near Keweenaw. Set back from the road amid old shade is the manse, Burro Hall. This charming structure with its front veranda and its back steep stands beside a babbling brook, although in late summer the brook ceases to babble.

Crossing a bridge over the brook we

* Some prefer using same olive for a second drink. To try it a third time is dangerous.

meet Joseph Meyer, the master of Bonnie Brays. Tall, lean and grinning, he advances toward us with outstretched hand.

"Hello," he says in the easy manner of donkey owners. Soon we are strolling beneath the old shade out toward the barn. The outbuildings of Bonnie Brays include this barn, painted a tasteful red, a corn crib and a hog pen, empty since the donkeys came. On top of the hog pen roosts a lone muscovy duck. The other ducks were gotten rid of because they ate up the garden, but the muscovy has been unable to enter this hind.

"Most elusive duck I've ever seen," he explains.

The Pride of Bonnie Brays

On the way to the barn we are joined by Shirley, the charming wife of the master, who is a great help to her husband in the operation of Bonnie Brays. Rounding a corner of the barn we come upon a wide, sloping pasture enclosed by the traditional barbed-wire fence. Ambling up the field is Jackson, prize jerk, or stallion, of Bonnie Brays and sire of the young stock. Jackson is being ridden by Philinda, 9, eldest of the three Meyer daughters. She slides to the ground, and Jackson stands quietly while the master pulls the bridle over his ears.

Jackson is a magnificent animal. Well muscled and with lungs of iron, his color is gray with a dark stripe running the length of his back. Another stripe crosses this one at the shoulders. His face is broad, the eyes large and deep-set. In that face lingers all the wisdom of generations of donkeys. Jackson's eccentricity is that he likes to get through fences. The master seldom is able to keep him penned for more than two weeks at a time. Jackson will hunt until he finds a loose strand of barbed wire. Then he will set to work, pushing and straining until he has a hole large enough to crawl through.

Meyer built a heavy wooden gate for the barnyard and thought he had Jackson outwitted. The next morning he found the gate unhinged and lying 15 feet away. He replaced the gate, and the next night he saw Jackson poke his head through the gate, lift it off the hinges and then extricate himself without injury, a remarkable feat even for a donkey. Meyer also claims that Jackson will go through the fence and then go right around and open the gate from the outside to let the other

continued



Joy of Donkeys

continued

donkeys out. But the master is so proud of Jackson that he is apt to embellish somewhat.

Now he gives Jackson some oats as a reward for the ride. At the rattle of the oats bucket a small herd of donkeys comes around the barn. There is Jennie, Mary, Miss Tillie and Kate. Kate is a fawn-colored foal only a month old. The master gives them each a dib of oats just to keep everybody happy. If we are lucky he has already suggested a Deep-dish and we sip the aromatic drinks as we admire the herd.

"Watch!" says Meyer suddenly. Although they have just finished eating, it is obvious the donkeys are beginning to feel their oats. Jackson, holding his head high and braying mightily, charges down the field. His claxon notes serve as a starting gun for the rest of the herd. They take after him in a reckless dash down the pasture, the young stock kicking in high glee; old Jennie moving at a more sedate pace. They disappear over a rise of ground.

"Ears coming over the hill," shouts Meyer. Here they come again, running wild and free. Now speedy young Kate has the lead. On they come; ears high and tails awiggle. They wheel and start running in a circle, making an occasional playful pum at each other with a hind foot. Again they streak down the field, and it is easy to tell how Jennie Brays got its name.

"They're wonderful," Meyer says, as though musing to himself.

With this pastoral scene in mind we take leave of our charming host and hostess of Jennie Brays. A few miles away we enter the town of Parkside, where we pay a call on B. S. Meyer, a small, round man with a round face and a round laugh. Meyer is a man with nine donkeys and a dream. His dream is to hitch up those donkeys in as many different ways and to as many different rigs as he can devise.

"Hitch 'em up and drive 'em," he advises all children who keep donkeys as pets. "You'll have some of fun because there is no limit to what you can do with donkeys."

He is ready to prove the latter statement and leads the way to his compact barn at the edge of the fringing lot. Although donkeys have the reputation of being a sedentary species, they become quite frisky under the careful ministrations of the donkey

set. First Meyer hitches four small donkeys abreast to a rubber-tired cart. With a shout he is off, the team stepping briskly as he guides them through town traffic. Strangers apply the brakes and stare, but local residents to whom Meyer and his long-eared steeds are a familiar sight, favor him with the smile that one gives to a happy man.

A Matched Team

Back at the barn Meyer hitches up a large, gray donkey to a racing sulky. With a glad "Halloo!" he is off again for another turn through town. Next he hitches a quick-stepping team to a shiny black buckboard and invites one of us for a ride. Soon we feel the joys of riding behind a matched team of lively donkeys: the rush of the breeze, the patter of unshod hooves on the pavement and the evasive game of machine-age victims.

Next Meyer saddles a large donkey, leaps aboard and is away at a smooth canter. On the return the gait has changed and the rider bounces gaily.

"How do you like this single-foot?" he calls. "I used to carry this one around when he was a baby and look at him now!"

Meyer is eager to show us still more of hitching donkeys but the shadows are beginning to lengthen, and we have more calls to make.

"This is how we have fun around here," he says as we thank him. "I hope you enjoyed it, too."

Our next stop is at the nearby town of Dublin where Elmer Meyers is sure to be fooling around with his donkeys. Uncle Elmer is a huge, hearty man who holds forth in the eel of the evening in a rocking chair beside his barn. There he receives the families who come to look at his stock. Uncle Elmer believes that the future for donkeys lies in the production of smaller animals adaptable to the small plots surrounding modern homes. He is almost fanatic on the subject.

"Breed to that small stuff, man," he says. "It's the coming thing in donkeys."

Uncle Elmer shows us Minnie, his pride and joy. Minnie stands only 32 inches at the shoulder and is heavy with foal. Her last offspring seemed hardly bigger than a jack rabbit. In the corral next to Minnie there is a tiny pony stallion, even smaller than Minnie. After Minnie has her foal Uncle Elmer plans to breed her to this pint-size stallion. His aim is to produce the world's smallest male.

This has caused considerable differ-

ence of opinion among members of the donkey set. Some feel that donkeys should be bred only in their pristine purity. Others side with Uncle Elmer, holding that breeding the world's smallest male would be something of an achievement.

Leaving Uncle Elmer at his chores, we head back into the hills. Now and again we pass an establishment where only one or two donkeys graze with horses. This represents the fringe element, those who try to squeeze into the donkey set by acquiring a single animal. At last we come upon another true donkey farm with a stone house standing amid young shade. Donkey owners lean toward either young shade or old shade. This establishment is known simply as The Swamps, a name suggested by the nearby wetlands.

One distinctive aspect of The Swamps is great gray boulders rising in the lawn and fields. The original settlers had a lay habit of removing only the smaller rocks. Instead of taking out the big ones they played around them, a custom that is followed to this day.

At this point I must admit that this is my donkey farm and that I am a confirmed member, a leader, in fact, of the donkey set. Here at The Swamps we see more yearlings grazing beyond the old barbed-wire fence. We see Cookie, foundation dam of the herd, and Mr. Bones, a month-old jack and one of the fraikiest donkeys on record.

The children bring Mr. Bones out, and he begins to tear around, leaping boulders with reckless abandon. He charges into a mass of snapdragons, and Gladys, the lady of The Swamps, yells, "Get out of that flower bed, you!" The children just laugh, for to them there is no lovelier sight than a young donkey cavorting amid snapdragons.

Evening shadows find us sitting in a group on the lawn dawdling over a last Deep-dish. We chuckle over the time a fat woman almost fainted upon seeing her first donkey. With cheerful tolerance we recall the jibes of the slaves to the speed craze like the time when Meyer was driving his four donkeys only to have a man lean out of a big automobile and yell, "Look at the five jacks!"

Members of the donkey set take such taunts in their stride. They know they have found the good life and they know donkeys to be creatures of noble nature. They all join Sam Coleridge in the sentiments he expressed when he wrote, "I hail thee Brother—spite of the fool's scorn!"

(R M M)



Jimmy Jemall's

HOTBOX

The Question:

Are today's racing cars too fast and too dangerous for the tracks on which they now run? (Asked at Indianapolis)

BOB HENKE



Winner of the Indianapolis "500" 1957

No. The world-famous Indianapolis 500-mile race drivers should be kept from risking their lives. I agree, for road racing, where spectators are in danger. But we race only on tracks certified for the U.S. Auto Club. American auto racing has a lower percentage of deaths than some other sports.

JIMMY BRYAN



U.S.A. National Champion, 1951, 1952

Absolutely not. It is true that most tracks were not built for today's speeds, but the cars are safer. Years ago crashes resulted in serious injuries. That's seldom so today. A car hits the wall at 140 mph and the driver often walks away. The Indianapolis track is good for speeds of 185 mph.

PAT O'CONNOR



Multiple Sportsman Champion—1954, 1955, 1956

No. Charlie Brookman of Radio Station WIRE, Indianapolis, has compiled statistics which show that a 500-mile race is equal to about 65,000 miles of highway driving. National Safety Council figures show that a guy driving 65,000 miles is in far greater jeopardy than a race driver.

ANDY LINDEN



Twice Grand Sportman Champion 1959

No. Today's high speeds are safe on tracks certified to the U.S. Auto Club. A good driver knows how fast he can go on any track. He doesn't barrel around the curves. We're always trying to make tracks safer. If we see anything we don't like, we insist that it be corrected.

TROY RUTMAN



Winner of the Indianapolis "500" 1962

Of course not. The cars are not fast enough. We could easily go over either 200 miles an hour on any of the tracks. At Chelsea, Mich., where the track is 4.7 miles, we could go 190 mph if we had the cars. At Monza, Italy, where the track is shorter, we can still go 175 mph.

EDGE BACHE



Named most improved driver by the U.S. Auto Club 1959

No. Automobile racing definitely is not a fall. It's three or four times as safe as used to be. Speed is not the dominant safety factor. The flexibility and maneuverability of the car, the driver's good sense and his restraint are the real safety factors on any track.

BOB BATHMAN



2nd of Indianapolis 1952, 1958

No, although it is true that some of the tracks could be better. Actually, the track is not the prime consideration. We are continually trying to make faster cars because speed, alone, on a good track, is not a hazard. It's the driver. Good drivers seldom have serious accidents.

MARSHALL TEAGUE



National Stock Car Champion, 1952, 1954

No. Our association has safety regulations for tracks. If a track doesn't comply, we don't race on it. The association also has strict control over racing cars. Every part is checked to specifications before a race. Entry patterns are inspected so they can't be used.

PAUL RUSSO



Former driver of 500 miles

No, not with all the speed and equipment on today's cars. It's a lot safer for me to drive 145 mph now than it was to drive 100 mph on the best tracks in 1941, in spite of the fact that I'm 55 years old. The tracks haven't improved that much. The cars have improved.

TONY BETTENHAUSEN



U.S.A. National Champion, 1951

No. Racing is safer than ever because cars are built for safety. There has been a tremendous improvement in chassis and tires. The drivers are also more experienced. Some race six times a week. Experienced plus experience has made racing safe. There is no limit to safety on the Indianapolis.

ARCADIC DISTINCTION

Sirs:

I salute you on your series *The Art of Jose Velasco* (SI, June 17 et seq.).

Your superb treatment of this little-known African distinguishes the same artist from the rest of the athletic world in both figure and modality.

Congratulations also to Robert Riger for his splendid, most informative drawings.

KIM ANN SHERKIN

Los Angeles

BASEBALL: FAIR REPRESENTATION

Sirs:

Congratulations to Representative Kenneth Keating for presenting such a clear and comprehensive analysis of the problems facing professional sports and for introducing a sound approach to solving these problems. *A Sports Illustrated Special*, SI, June 17.

I certainly hope *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* will give the Congressman an opportunity to put things up for its readers when the hearings are finally completed.

CLARENCE E. BROWN

Tucson, Ariz.

BASEBALL: TEAM PLAY

Sirs:

Photographer John Zussman and Editor Robert Crozier did a superb job of analyzing the techniques of hitting in *Strikeout the Bats* (SI, June 17). To me this represented the finest modeling of action pictures and investigative text you have had on baseball. I had been waiting for something like this for a long time.

ROBERT G. H. TANNON

Indianapolis

BASEBALL: EYE OPENER

Sirs:

Lee Winkowski's article *Phenomenal Philadelphia* (SI, June 24) crystallized for me the reason that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has continued to be the most absorbing magazine I read. I had the Phillies tabbed for seventh place, and Lee's fine story explained why I am in Bobby Drayton's class when it comes to prognostication.

JACK PERLIN

Atlanta

BASEBALL: SAY IT WITH NICHOLS

Sirs:

In reply to G. B. Hayes of Los Angeles who wants his baseball speed up:



Just where is G. B. H. rushing to doom his TV set? During the winter I'm a Boston Bruins hockey fan, when seasons 1-4 were open, but, when the good and some mediocre, late ice came to the ball game, and I mean out to the ball park in person, not slumped in a chair in a darkened room with a hot TV set, and I mean for batting practice, too. The world, people, things, etc., are rushing all the time, but why is

baseball's name just baseball in the same squirrel cage? I'm crowded right now.

P. A. MARCHESSAULT

Cambridge, Mass.

■ Mr. Marchessault's signal, cut out from *Forcing Myself* (SI, July 1), spells "You should go ahead easy."

KIA

BOWLING: PRAISE AT CONROE, TEXAS

Sirs:

Who is Christopher Fisher? What connection has he with the world of sports on which you ably and conscientiously comment? And yet there he is on page 45 of your June 24 issue. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*: "Hinder Yawner", in heavy, glowing ink, vibrantly clad "in pink blouse and cap of Westminster School," bent forward in that weird, uncomfortable seated position which most sports-commentators find loathsome, his clearly unaccustomed but the correct angle to grab his cup of tea, his noble brow contorted into that haughty grandeur for which his breed is noted, pink tie flapping demurely in the breeze, conservative black shoes—jumped, but not worn, shined, in just the right lustre, his free arm hanging feebly but properly at his side.

NANCY GUN

Bismarck, Dakota

■ Christopher Fisher is a 17-year-old English schoolboy (Westminster School) who this fall hopes to go to college (Cambridge) but who right now is hitchhiking and working his way through Spain. E.D.

Conroe, Texas

Bismarck, Dakota

■ Christopher Fisher is a 17-year-old English schoolboy (Westminster School) who this fall hopes to go to college (Cambridge) but who right now is hitchhiking and working his way through Spain. E.D.

BOWLING: CONROE'S PARTY NIGHT

Sirs:

Let me say thanks for the way you handled the reporting of Roy Horro's victory over Willie Pannone (K&D, June 24). All the cartoonists' reporters have pictured Roy as a kids L/L Abner with all tricks and no brains who has never left the arena, when actually he is as smart as a whip, a seasoned lieutenant on the tour, an excellent schoolboy who doesn't smoke, drink, run or run around but does feel terrible, compassionate and religious.

KIMOTH WALLACE

Conroe, Texas

GOLF: MEETING AT THE SUMMIT

Sirs:

You, aided by Moon, Hogan and Wind on the C.S. Open (SI, June 24), achieved the rare feat of being in perfect symmetry with each other.

Thank you very much, and to the two who was named to win the Open and who had the best analysis on our Team for this climax, Mr. Wind gave a beautiful description of the mental play. Congratulations on obtaining this glorious bright spot.

SUMMIT, ILL.

Harrisburg, Pa.

FITNESS: PROGRESS IN EDINBURGH

Sirs:

Mr. Harold (the threat's physical fitness program at Newtown (SI, May 27) is certainly an interesting one.

I am happy to report that all schools at Edinburg, Texas make an effort to have a well-organized program of physical education, grades one through 12.

Three years ago when 4,000 pupils in the Edinburg schools were given the Kraus-Welch tests, about 38% of the pupils failed. This year out of 150 boys tested in the high school physical education classes there were no failures.

THOMAS ESPARZA

Edinburg, Texas

FITNESS: NO ROASTING, PLEASE

Sirs:

I should like to impress upon your readers the fact that the Kraus-Welch test is for minimum muscular fitness.

It would be more correct not to boast unless one can sit, rise like the Kraus-Welch failure and excellent scores on physical fitness tests for optimum fitness.

So little effort is necessary to bring students up to minimum fitness that the layman would be startled to see the poor performance of humanity who are able to pass Kraus-Welch after a few weeks of adequate physical education classes.

In an extensive research of Kraus-Welch failures I am doing, I find the most important factors in failing results are teacher and program, not facilities and time allotment, although these are, naturally, extremely important.

MRS. E. CLARE SHAFER

Johnston, Ia.

FOOTLEGGED: SHORT HISTORY OF CANADA

Sirs:

In *The Portlands Spectator to Toronto* (SI, June 10) Horace Sutton has contrived to add one more proof in the Canadian contention that statisticians are abominably ignorant of Canadian history: "Bill Studdings—the bloodiest Lord Studdings named—there should be no hard feelings. For the head of the British expeditionary force in the War of 1812." No doubt General John Graves Simcoe, here in 1792, gone about by 1800, would get some back, but another go at the States in the spirit, if not in the flesh. Studdings was a very important Toronto man General Lord Charles Cornwallis, first Marquis of Cornwallis, could give us any such statisticians. Hahaha, how fatal in his prose.

One thing should be conceded to Mr. Sutton, however. In writing an "Amerrist" error concerning Simcoe checked by just with a Toronto one, i.e., "Lord" Simcoe Head General Simcoe might well have seen the postage due to only have long enough to fulfil his appointment as commander-in-chief in India. Mr. Sutton has unwittingly made a fine contribution to Simcoe's obituary. He has proved that Canada is beginning to share with us in famous obituary. Map of Canada history.

CYNTHIA ROSE HAYES

Barrie, Ont.

■ Mrs. Balslev is right on all counts. "Lord" Simcoe's passage is no comforted on him by the hotel's management, presumably in recognition of his future services to tourism. E.D.

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Despite Mr. Ikes' injunctions against gobbledygook and Colonel McCormick's war with the alphabet, Americans still turn to Greek when they mean to say something in English—as witness the following, a paragraph of instructions for assembling a hi-fi system at home:

... thereby introducing a certain amount of the reflex tuning part and reducing at the same time the sharpness of the exclusively resonance, and spreading it out over a greater frequency range so that matching to the speaker is far less critical and transient response is improved.

Reflex tuning parts? Transient responses? The makers take much for granted. Do-it-yourselfness has made considerable inroads, but basic mechanical terms are still open to misunderstanding. Say "new driver" to someone from M.I.T., and he'll hand you a metal tool. Say it to someone from Princeton, and he'll hand you something with vodka. It is in this latter group—the "Let George Do It" school—to whom is addressed this information about Columbia's new "360" phonograph.

As everyone seems to acknowledge, Columbia is the company that originally introduced high-fidelity to America. Today, they have gone their famous original "360" phonograph one better by bringing it out in a new edition.

A number of technical improvements has been made, but the most readily apparent change is the addition of a second sound chamber housed in its own compartment. Columbia engineers refer to the new sound system as a Crossover Network, and the effect is truly astonishing. For the first time in a moderately priced phonograph (the new "360" costs about \$175 complete) audio-realism comes through. Put another way, the effect of the Crossover Network is to bring out the color in music which up to now in hi-fi has tended to sound starkly black-and-white. On vocals, the "360" lends unexpected proximity to the performer. More than ever before, it is possible to switch on the act and "the whole room plays."

Columbia phonograph dealers across the country now have the new "360" in their showrooms, and it's something you should look into. Its "reflex tuning parts" and "transient responses" are all buried deep inside a striking rich wood cabinet. To install the instrument, just locate a plug in your living room. To hear it, simply set that new driver on a counter, rock over and turn the knob.



COLUMBIA 3 PHONOGRAPHS

A PRODUCT OF THE © COLUMBIA "360"
*HARDWARE. PRICE IS SUGGESTED LIST.

PAT ON THE BACK



ROBERT W. GALVIN

The Motorola corporation, which pioneered the car radio and today looms large in the electronics industry, has a soft-spoken, thoughtful young president who, through natural inclination, has made sports an important part of his company's corporate philosophy.

Five years ago Bob Galvin and some of his old high school friends started a softball team, the Karklaxons, and this rapidly became an important part of Second Baseman Galvin's life that he has almost never missed a game and has been known to rush out of a West Coast business meeting to fly to Evanston, Ill. for the weekly practice session.

Bob Galvin has also developed a national program to further local Little League clubs and has engaged Bob Feller and Otto Graham to trek the country with baseball and football clinics. A convinced advocate of company-sponsored sports programs, Galvin recently challenged the National Industrial Recreation Association to produce more imaginative recreational programs for women, professional people.





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